

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 12

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.
Office—Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 168

In Search of Summer—No. 5.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 2, '91.

After I left San Luis Potosi I learned a new wrinkle in Pullman traveling. The sleeping car rates are higher than in the north and the comforts not excessive, so pairs of the sharper tourists take one berth during the day, thus being able to have a seat each and then engage a second berth for the night only. This reduces the cost without reducing the comfort, so I tried it and dreamed of bull fights and the

plain which skirts the ancient lake and city of Mexico. The gentleman with a big ring of jingling checks becomes solicitous concerning our baggage, offers to transfer it and us "to any part of the city," and we would have been unaware that we were not approaching the Union Station at home were it not for the efforts of the self-appointed guide who calls our attention to the fact that we are passing under the old aqueduct—"Water runs in it, you know,"—which on a long line of arches ever diminishing to

mixed up in Mexican politics seems unimportant, but I have worked hard trying to find out why the Mexican gentleman went into the statutory business, and if it had anything to do with his subsequent retirement from sanity. On this point, unfortunately, history is silent, even the conductor and the commercial traveler are uninformed.

Columbus in the very act of discovering America on a big ball of some sort, also looms up majestically in the Paseo. His attitude, unfortunately, gives the whole thing away as it shows his ignorance of the game. If he stood that way holding a ball on our grounds even Senor Miguel McConnell would call him in and pay him off. Guatimotzin is further along, and Juarez and others are to be placed in the vacant circles or *glorietas* as soon as they are ready. After leaving the Paseo, the historical part fell off and we directed our efforts to obtaining somewhere to rest. At the Hotel Jardin—or Garden—Mrs. Don and I obtained apartments suitable to our rank at four dollars per day. This may look big, it struck us that way, but they were great; they would occupy nearly half a block and were filled with beds and bent wood furniture. The outer room was for receiving foreign legations and that sort of people, and we found it very handy as an audience chamber when our washerwoman called and asked for a settlement. It contained a desk well stocked with paper and envelopes, ink and pens—everything indeed but postage stamps—they come high in this country, and the backwardness of civilization is suggested by the entire inability of one to borrow such things or have them charged in one's bill. The inside room had an onyx table and all sorts of fancy articles, including a great big tin pail, which was as pretty as a soap kettle—I presume it was the bath. One gets this odd kind of a mixture in Mexico, but I can assure you that I never saw a pleasant room. The Mexican bed lacks springs, but it has no foolishness about it, and when one sinks into its downy depths nothing harder or more uncertain than a plank keeps the occupant from going clear through. Yankee tourists kick about these beds but they are comfortable after one sleeps on them a few nights, and abandons the idea of the mushy softness which is so notoriously debilitating. In hot countries they never think such mellowness a comfort and this, if no other reason, prevents their adoption. Tourists who come down here to teach Mexicans how to live make an error. In the first place they become offensive by demanding unusual things, by lecturing hotel proprietors on what is necessary, and in the general sense by knowing more than those who have had a chance to study the necessities and peculiarities of the country. However, Mexican hotels shall some day have a sketch devoted to them entirely. At the restaurant, which is in a pavilion in the garden, we get meals at \$1.25 per day for each of us, so the cost of staying at the best place in the city is not excessive—less than \$3.50 a day with rooms which in Toronto would alone cost that amount, and you must remember that Mexico City is nearly twice as large, and the property of Hotel Jardin is worth half a million dollars. By the way, this was once a convent, and the bar-room occupies the apartment once used as a chapel. It is magnificently—though at present somewhat inappropriately—decorated, as the counter over which drinks are passed is on the spot formerly occupied by the altar. When Juarez confiscated the churches and church property, this building, with its walls from three to six feet thick, went with many others into new hands.

Immediately after getting here I went to the postoffice hoping to get some letters. This branch of the Mexican service makes me tired. They do not have a Postmaster-General, but they need one. The Department of the Interior, or Inferior, runs it, and it is calculated, more than anything else, to make the Yankee, or Canadian, or Englishman sorry he came. They have boxes, but no general delivery. A letter addressed to a stranger with no address except "Mexico City," is put somewhere—the good Lord only knows where. There is a list hung on the wall, supposed to contain the name of every person who has an undelivered letter addressed to him. In small places he must ask for it by the number attached, in larger places by the date and name. It is a farce. The clerks try to do their best, no doubt, but letters get buried and lists are taken down, and the people addressed go dead crazy or away before their eye ever catches the name on the wall. Some day Mexico will drop this scheme and her heavy postage rate; they are both more fitted to Montezuma's administration than to modern ideas. In my case, I have had no mail for nearly a month, an armful of newspapers coming in to-night with but one letter—the second I have received since the first of the year. I have sent my letters by special messenger to the border, and yet I have had no knowledge of them having been received, except in one instance, when some of the spelling in the proof made me blush—doubtless the fault of my villainous handwriting. In my pleasant life in this pleasant land is a great gap, and that in the absence of news from home; it makes me appreciate the excellent service we have in Canada.

In the Paseo is an immense equestrian statue of Carlos the Fourth. It is of bronze. The conductor says it is the largest in the world, that there is much gold and silver mixed in with it and that it was erected by a Mexican gentleman, who afterwards went crazy. So many people have lost their health down here trying to work the machine. Just when or how Charles the Fourth got

but the Library itself is of unusual value as well as great size. Students of every sort throng the reading room, and volumes as old as some of these hills adorn the walls.

The Q. C. and I went to the Museum and were again astonished at the efforts the government have made to provide material and references for students. Not even the flitting tourists, whom as a rule there is no more superficial and frivolous an observer, can pass

fellow, who spoke English fairly well, offered to take us through their quarters. A portion of the building is occupied by President Diaz as his summer residence. Not having obtained a permit we did not have a chance to appraise his furniture or criticize his linen. The Montezuma part of the outfit is little more than a lumber room and is really but a fragment of an old palace built years ago upon the site of the "Halls of the Montezumas." The view from the castle is magnificent, and from what



IN THE PASEO, CITY OF MEXICO.

landlord who had tried to charge us full price for every calendar day, any part of which we had been in his house. All night long the poor little road pony, gored and bleeding after his encounter with the bull, cantered through my sleep and I had a wretched time of it. In the morning we were nearly ten thousand feet above the sea, the air was cold and clouds were flying about us with a familiarity which bred contempt and a very bad cold. This altitude and that of the city of Mexico are good neither for those with pulmonary nor heart complaints, and even my old chum Senor Sciatica was not in a good humor. But the scenery! I'm not trying to make you sorry you did not see it, but you have not completed your majority if either it or something as grand has not burst upon your view when waking from sleep and hating the world generally and your discontents especially! It is then one realizes what a small part of the universe one is, how unimportant are our aches and pains, how low the valleys seem to those who are high enough up to look down and see, how noble are the mountains up which it is so hard to climb, how glorious the sunrise to those whose view is unobstructed by vanities and the mean little things which crowd the vision of low eyes—eyes which are never raised in adoration to God or Nature. The valley of Los Dos Rios, or Two Rivers, is revealed to the traveler on the National Railway as he emerges from the cloudy peaks and it lies before him, a vista of rich farms in which, seed time and harvest, sunshine and shadow are mingled in a hundred shades of green. A thousand feet beneath us, a score of miles away, are sweet pictures of contented poverty entwining itself about prosperous ambition on a soil which needs but to be touched to yield with Oriental magnificence,

the view, crosses the plain from Chapultepec to the city. Chapultepec—once the Palace of the Montezumas—now a fortress on a towering cliff, is the military school of Mexico, and is a first impression; the crowd of hacks—no worse than our own brigade of Union Station plugs and prowlers—the "bus to all parts of the city" were the next. The fare is fifty cents, the road rough, the conductor a good talker and by the time we reached the hotel we had been loaded up with dust and Aztec history together with several valuable "hunks" of more recent records and advice as to how to see everything without wasting anything but muscle. We turned shortly after leaving the station into the Paseo—a wide and shady drive some two and a half miles long, the Rotten Row of Mexico, where the swells take their airing together with those who are not so *bon ton* either in the quantity or quality of their garments. As we rode along this great avenue, a number of statues, around which the drive circled, came into view and I give you a sample one, that of an influential Indian King whose bad luck began when Cortez arrived here some three hundred years ago. There is a picture of Montezuma and this same gentleman, if I remember rightly, in the National gallery, illus'native of a rather unpleasant incident. The treasures of the native emperors were not being produced as promptly and extensively as Mr. Cortez and his soldiers desired and both the leading potentates were tied to rock tables and fires put beneath their feet. This courtesy was not intended merely to keep them from catching cold, but to improve their circulation generally—of the coin and valuables of the realm. Montezuma—so a commercial traveler told me—after his feet became uncomfortably warm was inclined to talk, but Cuitalhuac maintained his dignity and cash without a groan. Montezuma—I quote from the same authority—looked over at his chin as much as to ask "What shall I do?" The chief remarked, and his saying is prevalent to this day in Mexico and elsewhere, "I'm on no bed of roses myself" or, "keep still, you are having just as much of a picnic as I am." My historian was not sure which would be the most literal translation so I give them both. In history you will find this story given in greater detail and I advise you to hunt it up as it is good reading and may give you a taste which in my haste I may overlook or fasten on to the wrong man. I am not writing history but simply relating what people tell me. I have already discovered that those whom one meets down here, in the endeavor to be entertaining, say a good many things which will stand revision.

In the Paseo is an immense equestrian statue of Carlos the Fourth. It is of bronze. The conductor says it is the largest in the world, that there is much gold and silver mixed in with it and that it was erected by a Mexican gentleman, who afterwards went crazy. So many people have lost their health down here trying to work the machine. Just when or how Charles the Fourth got



CHAC-MOL, THE GOD OF FIRE.

I could learn from the cadets the curriculum is everything that is to be desired. Seven years is the course of study, and of this three must be spent in an effort to learn English. On the two occasions when we dropped into Mexican colleges, politeness and a desire to give us every attention were spontaneous. I wondered if invited strangers gawking about our own institutions would have received such a cordial welcome and so much well-mannered attention. An American gentleman who was with us volunteered the admission that in the United States we would have been unmercifully gayed. Gentlemen in every country treat people well, but boys are not everywhere as thoroughly schooled in the art of being unaffectedly polite as they are in Mexico. After leaving the castle we drove through the cypress groves which surround it. Though all of the trees have been planted in straight lines some of them are very large. Montezuma's tree is nearly sixty feet in circumference at the base. A Zoological Garden has been started in this magnificent park, but as yet does not amount to very much.

Chac-Mol, the god of fire, is sitting in a very uncomfortable position; it made my back ache to watch him, but he has borne it for centuries without saying a word. The water god looks Egyptian—everything does, even to the long nosed idols, whose special business isn't set forth by the signs painted under them. I give some patent pictures of the two leading and rocky divines—I could get none of my own as they won't let you take a camera inside the shop. It doesn't matter, old age fails to show on the somewhat stony faces of those who were once worshipped, and a few years makes scarcely a change in their expression.

The National Gallery is interesting and contains many excellent specimens of Mexican art. The older school runs much into religious subjects, but the historical work is as good, if not better, than ours, the wonderful changes the country and people have undergone of course furnishing unsurpassed material. The art classes are numerous and in this, as in every other direction, Mexico is striving hard to obtain a better place in the world.

We went out to Chapultepec and visited the

stores of Mexico City are some of them worth visiting, the assortment of very fine goods of beautiful colorings being almost a revelation to Northern eyes. The theaters are good, Orrin's circus extra fine, and all the places of orthodox amusement up to the average. The churches are, of course, magnificent, particularly the cathedral, the immense size and gorgeous decoration of which excite the wonder of beholders. In it and its neighborhood remains of pagan temples have been worked up, with the ugly faces of strange gods yet distinct after vigorous efforts at defacement. The cathedral inside is more like a collection of churches than a single edifice, but the main altar is emblazoned with gold and carving until the eye is made to ache in looking at it. The center dome is grand, but gaudy, and nowhere, not even in the paintings, does fine art seem to have a place. Two grand organs fill the building with sweet sounds, and when service is in progress the kneeling multitude prove that the church in Mexico has not yet lost all her devout worshippers.

The streets, solidly though somewhat



ON LAKE CHAPULTEPEC.

alleged old palace of the Montezumas. The fortress is famous as the place where a couple of hundred cadets were slaughtered by the invading forces of the United States. The Americans claim not to have been aware that they were killing boys, but it remains one of the most disgraceful episodes in their history. The fortress stands on a high cliff slightly suggestive of Gibraltar, and is approached by a winding road easy of defence, though, of course, modern artillery could shell the place off the face of the earth. Two hundred and fifty cadets were on parade and as soon as they were dismissed a couple of gentlemanly young

roughly paved, are in a better shape than those of Toronto. Asphalt and wooden blocks are being put down in some places but stone is the chief material used. Seven to eight dollars a yard is paid for asphaltating in this country and the work can be more cheaply done than with us. There are fortunes being made by those who are introducing such modern ideas, and being made very fast too. The drainage is not good, for Mexico city was founded on a little island in a shallow lake. The original inhabitants of this country were much given to wandering from place to place, but when the king and his priests pulled up stakes for



THE WATER GOD—FROM A PHOTO TAKEN AT EXCAVATION

seemingly careless as to what division shall be made of its beauty between those who toil and those who own. Picture after picture, framed by mountains and gemmed by rivers and cascades, follow the watchful eye until weary of beauty and grandeur one turns for relief to the porters of the car and sees something more self-important than anything God has permitted to become a part of the scenery of Mexico. The engineering wonders, the curved bridges which carry the train over gorges, founded on sandstone and musical with falling waters, after a while cease to bring crowds to the platforms and people to the windows—we are in

Boudoir Gossip.

Dimples in the cheek, many hearts to break.
Dimples in the chin, many hearts to win.
So goes the old rhyme, and while we do not form our opinions by its aid, we think and speak of it laughingly when we see the indented cheeks or chin. I have looked at many chins this week, and found that the feature which I thought uninteresting was replete with characteristics. There are three types of chin formation, the receding, the straight and the chin which curves up and out. In connection with this last, one invariably and involuntarily thinks of nut crackers. While the receding chin is accompanied by an indecisive nature—one which may be sweetly unselfish but is yet very irresolute—the straight one denotes a masterful energy, and the inclined one a surplus of penetration and keen insight, which amounts to shrewdness. Each of these formations seen in profile may be yet further divided into round, oval and square. The oval chin is indicative of a lack of originality and strength of purpose, the round muscular chin points to ingenuity, a fair degree of self-assuredness and strong resolution. The square, strong chin is apt to be the property of the self-reliant, doggedly persevering and self-opinionated.

I was looking at the face of a jolly little man of whom some one in speaking made use of the old familiar expression, "fat as butter." He had a curious face. The eyes were good, the nose showed sympathy and the lips tenderness. I liked his face well until my eyes rested on the jumping off place, and then the receding round chin spoiled all the rest. What a time that man will have. His energies will be well-nigh thwarted by the drawing voice of languorous tendencies. His own opinions will be hastily formed, and his lack of self-reliance will torment him. He will have fair judgment, but no faith in it, and the fat little runaway chin is to blame for it all.

Another chin is that of a grave, reserved man, who is punctilious in little things, who has been fairly ambitious, a good student, and yet lacked the all-conquering pertinacity. His life is a cramped one beside the one which I fancy he etched for himself in his most hopeful moments, when the blessing of youthhood rested upon him.

A few Saturdays ago I waited in the Union depot for a few moments, and watched a drenched, tired out, cross, crowd of people sort itself into the various railway carriages. The hour between four and five on Saturday is an especially busy one, for not only are there crowds of people, but there are an almost countless multitude of parcels. Baggage is a nuisance, and parcels an abomination. I sometimes think that most people carry their uncustomed cares written in wrinkles on their face—two trunks, one embarrassed look, and a wrinkle for each bit of hand baggage.

This particular day was doubly disagreeable on account of the rain. Every one was looking for parcels or people, and a constant stream of humanity flowed through the great door into the waiting room. The door shut with a bang if left—as it was far too often—to itself. Bang, bang, bang! it went. The latch rattled, the banging went on, and the resting occupants of the room looked distressed. By careful observation I found that six women out of every nine banged the door, and that eight men out of nine closed it carefully. Being a woman I rather objected to these figures, but as figures have been declared truthful, I accepted them with a wry face and turned about for a reason to somewhat ameliorate the harsh criticism, which was a natural outcome. In almost every case the women who were careless, started as the door fell against its jamb, and I exonerated them from the charge of being devoid of fine sensibilities. It was evidently only thoughtlessness, and when I considered how seldom a woman does close and open doors for herself, I realized that it was only natural she should sometimes forget that she was alone. Then, too, a noise which makes no impression upon one who is actively employed, wears upon the nerves of those who are trying to rest. I excused all the noisy sires and boarded my train, satisfied that the women were, in this case, not ungentle, but only unthinking.

MY DEAR JANE.—Your welcome letter of comment was pleasant to read, and I give it in full below. Your remarks about the country amuse me. I cannot consider so thriving a city as that which appears on your postmark, anything but bustling activity. If you live where I, in my limited knowledge of the geography of that northern peninsula, think you do, you must have the most blessed of country lives with the most luxurious of city comforts and pleasures.

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW.—I have read your comments upon brow, mouth and nose, with a smile which nearly freezes into vindictiveness as I search for speck of warmth to arrest the progress of rheumatism. Nor that I care for the cold! Oh, no! It is, that the symmetry of hand and foot is destroyed by the unmerciful smiting of Jack Frost, with lashes of wind and storm in this northern clime. Yet there is some consolation in the thought that perchance we may be

"Blown crystal clear
By freedom's northern wind."

If the wrinkles could only be blown away. I grant that many of them may be caused by crossness, but often an equal number represents the subtle strokes of pain, perplexity, care and overwork—many times for others. On my part, vanity is touched. I smooth with vaseline, that deep indentation between my eyebrows, but without success in removing the defect. I resign myself to my fate. Alas! I fear that this life of vicissitudes is not conducive to smoothness of brow, and perfect placidity. I could not criticize noses, though we all admire the Greek form. As you say, a large nasal appendage to the face is supposed to be the symbol of greatness of intellect, yet very inconsistent creatures that we women are, we do not crave it as a possession. Again I consult the mirror—and, I hope—es, I hope that my nose is not a very great obstruction to the line of harmony. However, I must beware of reporters, and continue to wear a veil when on the street. I recall his smile that seemed to open to me the gates of heaven. The remembrance quickens the heart-

beats now. I know, too, of the smile that indicates contempt, when the corners of the mouth are drawn downwards; the peculiar smile of triumph; of superior knowledge; the mother's fond smile o'er her infant, and the wan smile of the fading face. Overarching all shines the smile of God in the sky, the sun, the stars, the moon, in the trees, birds and flowers. I am sure, my friend, your thought thus joins mine.

The young girl whom you mention as drowning with her violin music the sleeper's snores, and charming the weary travelers, is a reminder of one of Mrs. Livermore's experiences, as told by her in her work on the women's work in the war between the North and South, I can but give a sketch: A blind girl sits in the station among a crowd of impatient waiting people. Many are roughly quarreling. The young brother of the girl carries a violin case. When asked to play he refers to his sister, who kindly plays and sings melody after melody until all dissension is hushed and the semi-brutal crowd spell-bound by the magic of her voice.

If this letter should prove tiresome the cause will be I have been to a neighboring city, two hundred and ninety-one miles away. There, judging us to be from the country, shopkeepers often meet us with smiles of amusement apparently, but we are repaid when we reach home by smiles of welcome. Also when we think of our electric lights, our paved streets, our toboggan slides, and our good sleighing, we know that we have city and country combined, and in order to be appreciated must sound the praises of this winter home and by friction of our wits keep alive the latent heat. Your country friend,

JANE.

Comica's last letter brought me a vivid picture of the moonlit Mediterranean as it appeared to two enraptured girls who stole out to watch it one evening at Nice. "The sea," she says, "was one throbbing sulphur-hued plain. I scanned its loveliness and listened to the grand chorus of its frothing waves breaking along the shore. The undulating mountains rising indistinctly to right and left were vague suggestions of misty blue, against which the twinkling lights of the sleeping town shone faintly. The azure curtain of the heavens, with its bright star points, arched the poetic scene, its edges seeming to sweep the light-house standing so ghostly on the distant cliff." I try to fancy my Comica on the shore, wrapped up in a heavy cloak, and when I have urged my imagination to thus bring her to me I echo her wish that I too were there.

My Maiden in Brown,—Your letter has been found again, and as I read it over I laughed a little at the idea of a "sister confessor." Ah, my friend, you are trying to deceive me, and I am too wary and too old. My experience of school teaching is all gleaned from an hour and a half on the dictatorial platform. When I was released my ideas of government were all new ones, and I am afraid they were rather extreme. I am glad you are so charitable in your religious views. Hard and fast creeds with the inevitable antagonism resulting from their adoption, are not for our day. I am sorry about the difficulty, but think how much better it is that you did tell the exact truth, even if you are doubted. You may perhaps obtain a chance to explain, incidentally, the true state of affairs. It is bitter waiting and I sympathize with you, my little unknown correspondent.

We are familiar with the conventional sleigh ride, through the keen atmosphere of a sunny winter day. To me that is full of gladness, but a swift drive through a gray mist has a dream delight all its own. One day last week I watched the swiftly-changed panorama as I was whirled through one of the richest farming communities in Ontario. The sky was steel-gray and the curling, low-hanging mist seemed to drift through the branches of the trees, and twirl about the chimneys of the substantially-built houses. The fences were darkened to iron-gray by the dampness, and the walls of roughly-piled limestone like the water which crept up to the top of the snowy fields was gray against the white. All the trees were gray, and woods which climbed high and higher on the distant ridges wore the garb of the day. Gloomy, one might call the view, and yet the shades which leaped into being as one looked intently were marvels in their diversity. They were not alike, yet they were woven together by the sun's absence into a restful, evanescent tone, which charms and subdues one like the shadowy army that the conquering twilight leads.

CLIP CAREW.

For Opera, Theater, or Smoking Concert.

The Tuxedo, or "tailless dress coat" as it is sometimes defined, is the proper dress for such occasions. There has been a deal of nonsense fired off by the uninformed regarding this innovation which is comparatively recent. The reader may be assured that this garment is not such a very formidable novelty after all. It is, in fact, as old as the hills as a garment. Although it is unfamiliar in this country, it is, in fact, nothing more nor less than the East India tail coat, which has been worn in Calcutta and all the oriental capitals for probably a quarter of a century. It was designed to meet the requirements of an informal dress garment for use in a warm country where such extraneous nuisances as tails or anything that added to the weight or density of a garment were undesirable. To make room for my specially large spring importation which I expect to arrive shortly, am offering special inducements to my patrons and the public generally during the month of February. Remember the fashionable west-end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossie House block.

"Blown crystal clear
By freedom's northern wind."

If the wrinkles could only be blown away. I grant that many of them may be caused by crossness, but often an equal number represents the subtle strokes of pain, perplexity, care and overwork—many times for others. On my part, vanity is touched. I smooth with vaseline, that deep indentation between my eyebrows, but without success in removing the defect. I resign myself to my fate. Alas!

I fear that this life of vicissitudes is not conducive to smoothness of brow, and perfect placidity. I could not criticize noses, though we all admire the Greek form. As you say, a large nasal appendage to the face is supposed to be the symbol of greatness of intellect, yet very inconsistent creatures that we women are, we do not crave it as a possession. Again I consult the mirror—and, I hope—es, I hope that my nose is not a very great obstruction to the line of harmony. However, I must beware of reporters, and continue to wear a veil when on the street. I recall his smile that seemed to open to me the gates of heaven. The remembrance quickens the heart-

PALMS



PALMS

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine bushy plants from 15 to 30 inches tall. Palms two feet high for \$2.50. Having imported a very large stock of palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Cascas Boxes, and other seasonal flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street. Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 400 Ontario Street, Toronto.

70 YEARS
Old people over 70 years can be
Photographed Free
For 3 days at
J. C. WALKER & CO.'S
Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

TEABERRY
FOR THE TEETH &
BREATH.
ZOPES CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

PINKED AND FRINGED RUCHINGS

"Parisian" Plaiting in Lace and other light materials for Evening Dresses done on short notice by

L. A. STACKHOUSE
427 Yonge Street, Toronto

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

MISS SULLIVAN

Late of W. A. Murray & Co.

Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET

WE will soon be straight. Carpenters and decorators have almost finished their work, and on Monday we will be ready to show NOVELTIES for spring. Charming goods arriving daily. Delaines, Sateens, Cashmere and Suitings.

PRINTS at 10c per yard, fast colors, 150 varieties and excellent designs. Choose them early.

Armson & Stone
212 YONGE STREET

THE G. W. SHAVER CO.'S FINE GROCERIES

Are being reduced in price without in the least being lessened in quality. Call in and inquire of our staff of the chief reductions made, and then leave your orders or telephone them (1850) to

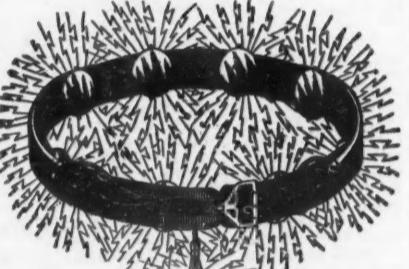
G. W. SHAVER CO., Ltd

244 Yonge St. 3 Louisa St.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.

Head Office — Chicago, Ill.

Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of \$50,000



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our belts are made of the finest leather, with the Galvanic current, generated by our own Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's own remedy.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism Diseases of the Chest Spermatorrhœa Neuralgia Impotency Sciatica Sexual Exhaustion

General Debility Paralysis Spinal Disease Liver Complaint Nervous Complaints Kidney Diseases Urinary Diseases Female Complaints General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

desiring information regarding the cures of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and we will send you illustrated Catalogue.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Mention this paper.



A large stock of gas fixtures on hand

Single and Double Texture Waterproof Garments in an Extensive Variety of Styles Designs and Qualities at



12

King St. West

Great Bargains in Furs

FOR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

AT

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

We have decided to mark our immense stock of **FINE FURS DOWN 50 PER CENT.** rather than carry them over till next season. This will give intending purchasers a **GRAND OPPORTUNITY** to purchase **RELIABLE FURS** much below their **ORIGINAL COST OF MANUFACTURE**. We guarantee every article sold; no wholesale job lots or old-fashioned stuff, but every article manufactured under the direct supervision of our Mr. James Harris, who, being a practical tanner, enables us to offer better goods and better value than any other opposition house in the trade. All our furs are made from the finest grades of skins. We do not deal in cheap goods. This sale will enable the public to buy **FIRST-CLASS GOODS** as low as the inferior article can be purchased for. Now is your chance. Cash buyers will get every advantage, as we must do a business of \$1,500 a day for thirty days. Don't forget. Sale commences Saturday. Special attention given to LETTER ORDERS.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

Armand's Hair Store

407 Yonge Street 407

Ladies' Hair-Dressing

FOR

Balls, Soirees, Concerts, Theaters, Weddings, Fancy and Historical Cultures.

Appointments to be in attendance.

Hair Ornaments.

Telephone 2498

BONN WARE-1755

CACTUS DECORATIONS (the latest)

A nice assortment of this celebrated ware in

Vases, Flower Bowls, &c.

BELLEEK (Irish)

Another case containing

Afternoon Tea Cups and Saucers, After Dinner Coffees, After Dinner Chocolates, Bon Bon Shells, Trays, &c.

The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER VII.

A SHADOW ACROSS THE PATH.

The house agents had been more truthful than their kind are wont to be, and the house which Mr. Hillersdon had been invited to inspect more needful went in their description than houses generally do. Of course it was not all that he wanted; but it possessed capabilities, and it stood in grounds which are becoming daily more difficult to find on the south side of Hyde Park. It was an old house, and somewhat dismal of aspect, the garden being shut in by high walls, and overshadowed by timber; but Gerard was pleased with that air of seclusion which would have repelled many people, and he saw ample scope for improvement in both house and grounds. He closed with the owner of the lease on the following day, and he had Roger Larose at work upon plan and specification without an hour's delay. The house belonged to the period when all facades of important houses were Italian, and Gerard insisted upon the Italian idea being strictly carried out in the improved front and expanded wings.

"Yes, certainly I will think about it," answered Gerard, meaning never to do more. He had not been thinking very intently upon the lady's discourse while she babbled on, for his thoughts had been engrossed by Mr. Champion, who was standing on the hearthrug, with his back to an arrangement of orchids which filled the fireplace, and for a man of chilly temperament ill-replaced the cherry fire. He was so fond of his wife that he called him—a solid block of a man, short, sturdy, with massive shoulders and broad chest, large head and bull-neck, sandy-haired, thick-featured, the indications of vulgar lineage in every detail; a man who had made his own career, evidently, and who had sacrificed length of years in the endeavor to push his way ahead of his fellow-men; a resolute, self-sufficient, self-contained man, proud of his success, confident of his own merits, not easily jealous, but, it might be, a terrible man if betrayed. Not a man to shut his eyes to a wife's treachery, once suspected.

"A child's doctor," said Edith, shrugging her shoulders.

"Children have hearts, and brains, and lungs," I daresay Dr. South knows something about those organs, even in adults."

"You will go to him to-morrow morning, then—and if he is not satisfied he will advise another opinion. I should have preferred the new German doctor, whom everybody is consulting, and who does such wonders with hypnotism—Dr. Geistrauber. They say he is a most wonderful man."

"They are an authority not always to be relied upon. I would rather go to Dr. South, who saved my life when I was in knickerbockers."

"Were you so very ill then?" asked Mrs. Champion, tenderly interested even in a crisis of seventeen years ago.

"Yes; I believe I was as bad as a little lad and, get well, yet live. When I try to remember my illness it seems only a troubled dream, through which Dr. South's kindly face looks large and distinct. My complaint was inflammation of the lungs, a malady which Dr. South said most children take rather kindly; but in my case there were complications. I was like Mrs. Gummidge, and the disease was worse for me than for other children. I was as near death's door as anyone can go without crossing the threshold—and my people should believe this day that but for Dr. South I should have entered the fatal door. It took a pull for ten men of my father's strength to bring down the great children's doctor, but the dear old dad never regretted the heavy fee; and here I am to tell the story, of which I knew very little at the time for I was delirious all through the worst of my illness, and I believe there was one stage of my illness during which I associated Dr. South's fine gray head—prematurely gray—with a great white elephant of Siam of which I had been reading in Peter Parley's Annual."

"Poor dear little fellow!" sighed Elith Champion, with retrospective affection.

"How sweet of you to pity me! I find myself playing my own small image in that dim and troubled time, as if it were anybody's child. The complications were dreadful—pleurisy, pneumonia; I believe the local doctor found a new name for my complaint nearly every day, till Dr. South gave his decisive verdict, and then pulled me through by his heroic treatment. Yes, I will go to him to-morrow; not because I want medical advice, but because I should like to see my old friend again."

"To him; pray go to him," urged Elith, and tell him everything about yourself."

"My dear Edith, I have no medical confession to make. I am not ill."

Mr. Gresham had played herself out, for the time being, and came into the front drawing-room as the footman appeared with tea a la française, which knits up the raveled sleeve of care, tired Nature's nurse, for Duchesses as well as for washerwomen."

The talk became general, or became, rather, a lively monologue on the part of Rosa Gresham, who loved her own interpretation of Chopin and Charvenka, but loved the sound of her own voice better than any music that ever was composed.

Mr. Champion came in a few minutes after eleven, looking tired and white after an hour and a half at the whist club, and Hillersdon went out as his host came in—went out, but not home. He walked eastward, and looked in at two late clubs, chiefly impelled by his desire to meet Justin Jermyn, but there was no sign of the Fate reader either at the Magnolia or the Small Hours, and no one whom Hillersdon questioned about him had seen him since Lady Fridoline's party.

"He has gone to some Bad in Bohemia," said Larose; "a Bad with crackjaw name. I believe he invents a name and a Bad every summer, and then goes quietly and lives up the country between Broadstairs and Birchington, and backs all day upon some solitary stretch of sand, or on the edge of some lonely cliff, where the North Sea breezes blow above the rippling ripeness of the wheat, and lies in the sunshine, and plans fresh impostures for the winter season. No one will see him or hear of him any more till November, and then he will come back and tell us what a marvellous place Rumpelstiltskin is for shattered nerves; and he will describe the recovery of the noted, and the hot springs, and the people—ah, almost as picturesquely as I could myself," concluded Larose, with his low, unctuous chuckle, which was quite different from Jermyn's siffling laughter, and as much a characteristic of the man himself.

Hillersdon stayed late at the Small Hours, and drank just a little more dry champagne than his mother or Mr. Champion could have approved, women having strange notions about the men they love, notions which seem hardly ever to pass the restrictions of the nursery. He did not drink because he liked the wine, nor even for joviality's sake; but from a desire to get away from himself and from a sense of irritation which had been caused by Mrs. Champion's suggestions of ill health.

"I shall be hypnotized into an invalid if people persist in telling me I am ill," he said to himself, dwelling needlessly upon Edith Champion's anxieties.

The market carts were lumbering into Covent Garden when he went home, and a cossack watch upon that red line upon the sheet of white paper which showed the shrinking of the tallman. Little by little, with every hour of egitated existence, with every passion a heart throb, and every eager wish, the sum total of his days would dwindle.

"How so?"

"It denotes highly strung nerves and a certain want of stamina. To be frank with you, Mr. Hillersdon, you are not what we call a good life, but many men of your constitution live to old age. It is a question of husbanding your resources. With care, and a studious avoidance of all excesses, moral or physical, you may live long."

Gerard dined in a party of four at Hertford street. Mrs. Gresham had returned for a final glimpse of London, after a fortnight's severe duties in her husband's parish. He was vicar of a curious old settlement in Suffolk, a little town which had been a seaport, but from which the sea had long since retired, perhaps disgusted with the dullness of the place.

She was delighted to see Mr. Hillersdon again, and he could but note the increased fervor of her manner since his improved fortunes.

"I hope you have forgiven me for my premature application about the chancery, she said, plumping herself down upon the causeuse where he had seated himself, after talking for a few minutes with his host. "It was dreadfully premature, I know; but if you could see

our dear, quaint, old church, with its long narrow nave and lofty roof, I'm sure you would be interested. Do you know anything about church architecture in Suffolk?

"I blush to say it is one of the numerous branches of my education which have been totally neglected."

"What a pity! Our East Anglian churches are so truly interesting. Perhaps you will come down and see us at Sandyholme some day?"

"Is Sandyholme Mr. Gresham's parish?"

"Yes; we have the dearest old vicarage, with only one objection—there are a good many earwigs in summer. But then our wife are more than counterbalanced by our roses. We are on a clay soil, don't you know? I do hope you will come some Saturday and spend Sunday with us. You would like Ale's sermon, I know; and for a little Folk town our choir is not so very bad. I give up two evenings a week to practice with them. You will think about it, now, Mr. Hillersdon, won't you?"

"Yes, certainly I will think about it," answered Gerard, meaning never to do more.

He had not been thinking very intently upon the lady's discourse while she babbled on, for his thoughts had been engrossed by Mr. Champion, who was standing on the hearthrug, with his back to an arrangement of orchids which filled the fireplace, and for a man of chilly temperament ill-replaced the cherry fire. He was so fond of his wife that he called him—a solid block of a man, short, sturdy, with massive shoulders and broad chest, large head and bull-neck, sandy-haired, thick-featured, the indications of vulgar lineage in every detail; a man who had made his own career, evidently, and who had sacrificed length of years in the endeavor to push his way ahead of his fellow-men; a resolute, self-sufficient, self-contained man, proud of his success, confident of his own merits, not easily jealous, but, it might be, a terrible man if betrayed. Not a man to shut his eyes to a wife's treachery, once suspected.

"No, I am not Balzac or Musset. I have no Byronic fire consuming me within; and be assured I mean to husband my life—for the sake of the years to come—which should be very happy."

He took up the hand lying loose in her lap, the beautiful, carefully cherished hand which the winds of heaven never visited too roughly, and bent down to kiss it, just as the moonlight sonata came to a close.

"Have no fear, I am no Balzac or Musset."

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently

a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

</

A Woodland Flower.

"Shall I ask Daisy Stuart, Madge?" asked Mabel Wyndom of her tall and stately sister, as she paused in the act of sealing a dainty perfumed envelope.

"No, Mabel, of course not. How could you dream of such a thing? They are mere nobodies, besides she would be sure to come in that old white muslin of hers which has no style whatever. As this is Cousin Frank's first visit to us, I wish him to meet only the elite and fashionable half of Clifton—which is bad enough, goodness knows—he will then see that we are quite 'good form' and all that," added Madge, sarcastically.

"But Daisy is such a sweet little thing, and one need only look at her to know she is a lady," pleaded the kinder-hearted Mabel.

"Oh, yes! She is quite a lady and nice enough in her way," admitted Madge, "but she has no style. Frank would be almost certain to find out—supposing by any chance fate threw her in our aristocratic cousin's way—how poor were that they kept a servant and that Daisy made her own and her mother's dresses. I imagine the idea he would have of our friends. No! we will ask her up for tea some night when we are alone, instead," said haughty Madge.

"Well," said the younger girl with a sigh, resuming her writing, "it must be as you wish, dear," for she never dreamed of disputing her proud and imperious sister's wishes.

The two girls were the only children of wealthy Squire Wyndom of the Court in Clifton a small Devonshire village. Mrs. Wyndom having died when the girls were quite young, proud willful Madge had reigned as queen over the court and its inmates—father and sister included, since she was a child of ten. She was a darkly beautiful, stately girl of twenty-two now, whom the whole household worshipped, but having one great fault, that of judging everyone according to their wealth and position in the world; and in her opinion the lack of either or both stamped a person as nobody. Mabel, who was two years younger than her sister, was a fair, gentle girl with large, limpid, blue eyes, and completely ruled by her imperious sister in everything. The great event, which had provoked the above discussion, was the arrival of a distant friend from India—the wealthy baronet Sir Francis Graham, who for the first time was coming to pay his Devonshire cousin a visit, and to honor his arrival. Mabel was writing invitations for a small dinner party, which was to be the most select in the county, as Madge wished to impress him with their social importance.

The owner of the name, Daisy Stuart, was the only child of a widow lady who had lately come to reside in Clifton, being far from well off, having only the meagre pension of her husband (who had been an officer in one of the regiments stationed in India), which would not allow of her keeping a servant, and, consequently all the work of their tiny cottage, with the exception of the roughest, devolved upon the slender shoulders of sweet Daisy, who was her mother's idol and counsellor. She was a slight girl below the medium height, with a pale, sweet face which looked almost too small for the two beautiful, large violet eyes it possessed; the queenly little head was crowned with a wealth of golden brown hair—that brown shade which glints and sparkles in the sunlight—and which fell in soft little rings over a low white forehead, and was generally gathered in one large loose coil at the back of the dainty little head. No one could call her beautiful, according to the strict code of beauty, yet, there were few people who were not impressed with a sense of her loveliness while looking at and talking to her, reminding them of pictures of some pure, sweet saint. At the present moment she was dancing enveloped in an immense white apron washing the super dishes, turning her head every few minutes to smile or talk gaily to her mother sitting in the window sewing. Her eyes follow Daisy sadly as she flits about the room, for she sorely dislikes to see her darling compelled to do a menial's work.

"Childie," she suddenly says, "have you heard who has come to stay at the court?" "No, my dearest, how should I know, and why should I interest myself in the court visitors?" asked the girl proudly. Then she added sweetly, "I have you, Marmie, and want no one else."

"Ah! you little flatterer, if you only knew of whom I am talking, you would not say that you did not wish to see such an old friend. Do you not remember your father's great friend, Sir Francis Graham?"

As her mother mentioned the name, a careful observer might have seen the hot color that for a moment mantled over the fair, sweet face, even to the white forehead, then ebbed slowly back leaving it very pale; but there was no tremor in the voice which answered Mrs. Stuart.

"What, Sir Francis here, in Clifton? But what difference will it make now?" asked the girl, wistfully. "We will not be very likely to meet him, and supposing we did, it is doubtful if he would remember me, it is so long ago since those dear old days, and I am not now much like the spoilt child he knew then; at least I hope I have improved a little bit, have I not done?" she added, the last sentence quickly, lest her mother might think she was grieving over their changed fortune.

"My Daisy, it pains me to think of the difference, yet what would I do without my flower? My Heavenly Father has been good indeed to leave me such a priceless possession."

"Come, mother," called Daisy brightly, "no more gloomy thoughts; we have just time for our favorite stroll by the river before the sun goes down, and I do really think, out of consideration for you, he might postpone his hour of retiring, that we might enjoy more of this lovely day."

"You ridiculous child," murmured the widow, glancing at her fondly.

It is the following day when Daisy—after the work of the little cottage is finished, and her mother is taking her afternoon nap—steals a few minutes for a quiet walk to the riverside, and upon reaching the green bank she throws her hat off and sits down with a carefree grace all her own, leaning her tired head against the trunk of an old tree. What a study for a painter! The sweet, dainty face, the small white hands clasped idly in her lap in that perfect stillness which follows exertion, the beautiful violet eyes which just now seem to hold an abyss of sadness and follow without seeing the faint ripples upon the water the breeze is barely rustling. "I wonder," she mused, "if he has ever given me a thought since the old days. Perhaps he would not even remember me if we were to meet, yet how truly noble he was and so good to me, but then he must have regarded me as a mere child to be petted and spoiled. I wonder would it make a difference could he know how horribly poor we are and that I washed the dishes and cooked—he was always so fastidious about girls." And then two or three large tears splashed down upon the pretty muslin dress as if to register there her thoughts. "But, of what nonsense I am dreaming! What will Sir Francis Graham ever have to do with Daisy Stuart? It is most probable he will make but a short stay here and never know of my existence." And with a proud, petulant shake of the fair head, the velvet eyes close and she almost falls asleep. I say almost, for before she has time to feel more than droopy she hears the gentle splash, of one hand, lastly opening her eyes she sees a boy with one occupant within a few yards of the bank where she is reclining. In a moment, before she has even time to sit up, the rorer, with one long pull and a bound, is standing in front of her, hat in hand. "Daisy! Miss Stuart! in the name of all that is wonderful, how did you come here! At first I thought you a wood nymph conjured up by my own thoughts," he said with a glance of passionate admiration at the fair blushing face.

"I assure you I am quite real. Sir Francis,"

said the girl laughing, "and as to how I came here, why I walked. You see I am not surprised to see you because I know you were staying with your cousins at the court, but I suppose you were rather startled at seeing me here, after our meeting last in India. You know the saying about 'Bad pennies &c.' which is mostly true."

"But," said the young man, "if you live here, how comes it that you were not at the dance up at the court last night?"

"Ah! but now the gay little butterfly you once knew. I seldom spend an evening out now as dear Marmie would miss me and be so lonely."

"Still, surely the servants could look after her for a few hours and you be spared for an evening's enjoyment now and then."

"Oh! but you do not understand," said Daisy shyly, and then added bravely, "we have met with sad reverses of fortune since the dear old days and are not able to keep any servants now, and dear mother is always poorly and wants me to take care of her. Oh!" she exclaimed jumping up suddenly and not seeing the expression of pain mingled with pity upon the young man's face for he had easily read between the lines of her sad little explanation. "I have forgotten the time and all about her being alone this hour or more, while I have been enjoying the lovely sunshine. Good-bye, Sir Francis," she added, holding out a slim cool hand.

"Good-bye!" he echoed. "Do you think after just finding you that I am going to lose sight of you so easily? Besides, I wish to see my dear old friends Mrs. Stuart again for I well remember how kind she was to me in the old days," and so talking lightly they walked quickly towards the little cottage, when Sir Francis asked in surprise:

"Are you going in there?"

"Rah!" laughed Daisy, "seeing that it is my home."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, but I thought—"

"You mean you had no idea we were so very poor," said Daisy, with her clear sweet voice faltering ever so slightly. "It must seem horrible to you, but I assure you I am quite happy and contented now, and am only troubled lest mother should miss any of her old luxuries," then she danced gaily into the room where her mother was sitting, and kissing her said merrily, "See, dearest, we are going to have a tea party to-night, for I have brought you a visitor."

"And I trust a welcome one," said the bironet, coming forward to shake hands with Mrs. Stuart, whose smile told him he had nothing to fear on that score. Indeed, she felt quite bright, sitting there and listening to her visitor giving her amusing accounts of his travels as well as news of old and mutual friends. But all through the conversation his eyes followed unceasingly with deep tender admiration the dainty white figure flitting about the room, preparing tea, only stopping now and again to smile at the white face by the window, or make some saucy criticism upon one of Sir Francis' stories. After tea, which the young man declared consisted of the most delicious strawb rries and cream, bread and butter, that he had ever tasted, though, I doubt not, under the same circumstances he would have declared stones delicious, if only he could have managed to digest them—after their simple tea they sat in the twilight and talked, till suddenly the baronet remembered an engagement which he was already late in keeping, and with the promise of seeing them to-morrow he made his hurried adieux.

"What a strange fancy Frank has developed for rowing and spending hours of solitude on the river," she exclaimed. Madge Wyndom one afternoon as she and Mabel were sitting together over a five o'clock tea, some two or three weeks after their cousin's arrival.

"Has he? I have not noticed it particularly, but thought he was with papa," said gentle Mabel, "for you know he does not care for company and parties, or that kind of thing."

"Still, it is strange," persisted Madge, "he goes out every afternoon, rows down the river and does not return for hours. What is more, he never asks us to accompany him; there must be something in it."

"Yes, Madge, you are perfectly right," cried the deep, manly voice of their cousin, who, entering the room, had overheard Madge's words, "there is a great deal in it—much more than you imagine. Do you not remember, he concluded, sitting down beside them, 'telling you of a treasure which I lost in India?' Well, the day after my arrival here, I found my treasure, and the hours of absence every afternoon, which have puzzled you so, have been devoted to looking after it."

"Why, Cousin Frank, what are you talking of? Is it all some nonsense? For what could you possibly lose in India and find here?" exclaimed both the bewildered girls.

"I shall answer your last question," said Sir Francis gravely, "and then you can answer the others. My treasure is the most precious thing a man can have—the one great blessing of his life—some one to share his joys and sorrows, life—a beautiful wax doll—but a true-hearted, sympathetic wife; that, dear cousins, is the treasure I spoke of."

"But, Frank, what can you mean?" asked the still bewildered Madge, "we never dreamed that you were married and had lost your wife."

"Nor am I, fair cousin, but I hope now that the glad day is not far off, and that I may take my wife back to India with me—my sweet Daisy."

"Who? Daisy—Daisy Stuart?" gasped Madge, breathless from so much excitement. "Are you truly going to make that child Lady Graham? and I did not guess that you even knew each other. Why, she is a mere nobody and so poor," wound up Madge dolefully.

"But Madge," interrupted gentle Mabel, "she is such a sweet girl, and a true lady every inch of her. What a lovely little bride she will be." Then turning to her cousin she added, "I sincerely congratulate you, Cousin Frank, and agree with you that your treasure was well worth the seeking and finding."

"Thank you, dear," replied the young man, "for those kindly words spoken in favor of my woodland flower. I trust you will always have done so sooner only you was such a surprise; and we will both drive over and see little Daisy to-day and tell her how glad we are to hear she is to be our cousin."

"That will be very good of you, Madge, and just like your kind thoughtfulness," said the baronet, for he knew that his cousin, when once she put aside all hubbub about family and money, was one of the most noble hearted and generous of girls.

"Tis in the gloaming by the river and upon a bough overgrown with soft, green moss, and shadowed by the interlacing boughs of two grand old oaks, two happy lovers are seated; the girl has fallen into dreamy reverie and gives a great start when her lover suddenly says, "A penny for your thoughts, my little Marguerite."

"Indeed, Frank, they are not worth it. I was simply wondering how it was, when you have seen so many beautiful women, that you should choose me for your wife?" Then turning wistfully to the young man she asked, "Dearest, will you never regret marrying a nobody?"

"Sweetheart," said Sir Francis, tenderly kissing the flower-like face, "you must never say that again; my wife could not be a nobody. My darling, how can I tell you what you are to me?" he added, passionately. "I can only repeat Longfellow's beautiful words:

"In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and there ter—I am thine."

LAUGHING WATER.

We have a very fine stock of Opera Glasses, Opera Fans, Carb Chain Bracelets, Carb Chain Rings—just the thing for Xmas presents. Brown's, 110 Yonge street.

An Artistic Home.

Miss Georgia Cayvan, the leading lady of the Lyceum Theater, has established her home in Harlem, New York City, and the following is a brief account of its interior.

Entering the front door, the glass of which is backed by a curtain of Empire lace, the reception room is reached, to the right of the doorway. The decoration is in pale turquoise blue and silver, and an empire lace curtain shades the window, backed by a drapery of blue Liberty tissue and a lattice of silver cobweb, her own design. A large rug nearly covers the polished floor, and this is a characteristic of all the apartments. There is not a carpet in the house but rugs are to be found everywhere. A chandelier depends from the ceiling, and on the mantel stands an elegant marble sculpture. The furniture of this room may be called cosmopolitan. There is a divan, made to order in Chicago, an easy chair from the same city, and another from Philadelphia, while other articles were purchased in New York, and the window draperies came from London. The general effect of this little reception room is "restful."

Passing from the reception room, the foyer is entered, and this with the hall is decorated in pale buff. To the right of the foyer, and directly opposite the wide polished staircase, is the "smoking room" although it is hardly necessary to state that nobody in the house smokes. It is a small alcove, furnished with a lounge or "settle," and shut off by heavy draperies depending from two Japanese screens. In this are hung lanterns and number of fancy articles; the effect is delightful. Angel lamps and lanterns, some of the most unique design, are scattered in different parts of the foyer, and when these are lighted a pretty effect is produced. Beyond the foyer comes the large parlor, decorated in yellow, with a deep frieze of yellow lilies, with large green leaves. Near the entrance is the piano and back of this the "tea corner." Here there is a couch and a tea table, and in the opposite corner, diagonally, another couch, a "settee," as the New Englanders call it—invites to comfortable repose.

The walls are hung with pictures, and the mantel is set off with vases of flowers and bric-a-brac. A curtain of heavy tapestry separates the foyer from the parlor.

The entire second floor is devoted to her personal use, but the front room is the most interesting. "There are scarcely books enough," she says, "to call it a library, and it is hardly a study, so I call it the 'Book Room.'" It is decorated in sage green, with a touch of old rose in the frieze. In the southeast corner stands the inevitable settee, and the cosiest and most comfortable of them all. Three well filled bookcases line the walls, which are hung with pictures, some of them of theatrical celebrities, George Frederick Cook, Mrs. Siddons, William Warren and Mount Sully. There are forty scrap books in the room, but few of which

A Rough Guess.



Mr. Ardentcourt—I am going away into the far west for some time. I know that I shall long for your delightful society. I will think of you everywhere. I will send you a real Chicago bouquet.

Miss Gusher—Oh, how kind of you, Mr. Ardentcourt! I do not know just what a real Chicago bouquet is, but I suppose it is a ham; and I am so fond of ham.—Judge.

are of a personal nature. A table stands in the center of the room, and a writing desk against the south wall, while bric-a-brac is scattered about in charming carelessness. It is a room well adapted to its purpose—to read, to study, to write and to dream in.

Through a long hallway, flanked by oaken closets, her bedroom is approached. It is large and airy, and decorated in lavender and moss green. A flight of birds over the bed gives an airy effect, and violets and pansies are everywhere on the coverings of the furniture. The dressing table is covered with utensils in silver for the toilet, and in a line with it stands a tall mirror, so that she can by a turn of the head at the table secure a full length view of herself. A complicated Japanese "make up" cabinet stands on the mantel, and pretty little screens from lady admirers are scattered about in all directions.

Another room, on the next floor, is almost as interesting, though less professional in its appearance. It is decorated with forget-me-nots. Pictures and statuettes are thickly strung about, a writing desk stands on one side, and a gymnasium occupies one corner. Two smaller rooms for the maids are also on this floor, and a large square room for guests, decorated in pink and earth.

The dining-room is in the basement. It is in light terra cotta, and the walls are lined with pictures. Three small sideboards display silverware and china, and the walls are filled with little shelves upon which the china rests, giving the effect of a collection of rare pieces of art work. The home of the actress is complete in every sense, and furnishes a perfect field for the exercise of what she says she likes best, the art of housekeeping—*Decorator and Furnisher*.

theory of the bordering of mourning-cards is a very anatomy of melancholy. He teaches finely because he is not ashamed to learn. There is something beautiful in the way in which he sways his obligations to the British dandy, who gave him the law about the tails of a dress-coat. "You must never be able to see them yourself," said the British dandy, meaning that they ought to elide all attempts to discover them by a glance over one's shoulder. Here evidently we touch a principle, and we feel that the British dandy is right. It is the law of gravitation of the tail-coat. There is a sense of loneliness, of course, in this conception of a fellow-creature who has never held his own coat-tail, but that loneliness is in the dandy nature. One other thing of deepest import was said by the teacher from the Old World: "I can tell a man from the provinces simply by his hat." But this subject is too vast for the vag end of an essay, and we must reluctantly leave it, with the hope of returning to it another day. It will always be timely for writings such as these can never die.

Maiden's Question.

Tattered tramp at the door (to Miss Trotter an hour after her brother had left the house). Your husband sent me for his best overcoat, ma'am. He wants me to take it to be cleaned.

Miss Trotter (sarcastically)—Will you kindly tell me when I am to be married to this husband who wants his overcoat?—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Old Story.

The Indians are often more skinned against than skinned.—Puck.

Just What You Want

HICKMAN'S
Bo-Ka-Te
BOQUET TEA

50 cents per pound. 5 lb. for \$2.25
Order by mail or telephone.

HICKMAN & CO.
PARKDALE KASH GROCERY
1424 Queen West. Tel. 5061

DON'T SWALLOW

Such preposterous trash as the big DISCOUNTS
ADVERTISED to hoodwink customers and

CATCH THE CASH
We quote net prices, and the value offered is indisputable.
Our stock of

FANCY ARTICLES

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS

Is practically unlimited.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1708.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	\$5.00
Six Months	\$3.00
Three Months	\$1.50

Delivered in Toronto, 60c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, FEB. 14, 1891. [No. 12

Music.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert of this season on Thursday evening of last week, before a large audience. The playing of the orchestra was not all that a bright, imaginative fancy painted it, some occult influence having been at work to prevent a performance of such a degree of excellence as would have been commensurate with the general progress in the direction of proficiency shown by the two previous concerts of this organization. I have been told that the work of dismantling the Pavilion after the handsome display of decorative art which made the old barn a scene of dazzling brightness for the Yacht Club Ball was so very active and obtrusive as to interfere with the final rehearsal on Thursday afternoon, but this would hardly account for the decided evidence of "rattling" that was obvious to all observers and hearers at the concert. The usual rule of putting up a light overture or march for the opening number, which would serve for a "tune-up," was departed from, and William Tell was made to serve as the *entree*.

This was played in very fair style, and was one of the best numbers on the programme. The quartette of cellos was very effective, and the attacks were prompt and decided. Good tone and nice shading were characteristic of the rendition of this piece. But in the next the trouble commenced. Attacks became uncertain, and the tone was nervous in quality, and the phrasing seemed to get lost. In the Traumbildner a little zither solo was badly stumbled over, with equal uncertainty in the accompaniment, but after all the piece was redemande. The Saltarello by Gounod served to brace up the orchestra once more, and it was splendidly played. The Massie overture, The Marriage of Jeannette also received a thoroughly good rendition.

After this the work went down a little again and Langey's Arabian Serenade was commenced, with strings, pizzicato and no solo instruments audible. The great March In dienne was very effective with the splendid fulness of tone imparted by the band of the Queen's Own Rifles, but after all I do not think that it makes a good concert piece. The repetitions in it become tiresome when not relieved by the sight of the pageant supposed to be going on the stage. Mrs. Clara E. Shilton was at her best, and gave a fine rendering of E Strano from La Traviata. Her voice is rich and full, very sweet in quality, and is gaining in lightness and brightness. The difficult florid passages were sung with great ease and fluency and she won a well deserved recall.

Well's Spring Song is rather a heavy composition for so bright a subject, still Mrs. Shilton made it a very acceptable number on the programme. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke for once left the realm of polkas "and such," and gave us a very ambitious solo for the cornet, a Chanson d' Amour by Iseman, which he played splendidly. The next concert by the orchestra will take place on March 5, in conjunction with the Choral Society, by which time all its friends hope to see it recovered from the momentary "rattle."

A very nice programme of sacred music was given at the Central Methodist Church on Monday evening, by the choir of the Church, under T. C. Jeffers, organist and conductor. The performers were, in addition to the choristers: Miss Ida Hatch, Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mr. H. L. Clarke, and Mr. K. G. Kirby.

At the conversazione given by the Toronto B cycle Club at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening of last week, an excellent programme of music was well carried out, the following being the items: Gondolier waltz, by the Bicycle Orchestra; Comrades in Arms, the Glee Club; Douglas Gordon, Miss May Cooper; cornet solo, M. H. L. Clarke; Robin Adair, Schumann Male Quartette; Thady and I, Mrs. R. J. Hall; Faust, the Bicycle Orchestra; Across the Still Lagoon, Mrs. Hall and Miss Cooper; Thou Art My Queen, Mr. R. J. Hall; song (by request), Signor Milnor; Barnyard Galop, the Orchestra.

Last week Miss Annie Langstaff, who has been for three years leading soprano of the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, was married to Mr. John Donaghay of Quebec. The wedding was musical in character, the chancel being occupied by a large choir, with Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli at the organ, and Mr. E. W. Schuch as director. The choir gave Mrs. Donaghay a handsome wedding present in the shape of a silver tea service in evidence of its recognition of her zeal and good nature while on its staff.

Next week will be a busy week musically. On Tuesday the Mozart Quartette—Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Frau Dunbar Moravetz, Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. E. W. Schuch—will make its debut at the Parkdale Methodist church. Thursday evening Heintzman's band makes its bow under its new conductor, Mr. H. L. Clarke, at the Pavilion, with Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Miss Gaylord, Messrs. Schuch, Reimers and Ramsay as soloists. The young lad William James, principal boy soprano of Westminster Abbey, has created a great stir in Montreal. The newspaper press of that city are as one in the opinion that he far excels anything in the way of boy singers hitherto known in this country. I hear that

the enthusiasm in Montreal in fact went so far that popular price tickets were withdrawn after audiences of 5,000 per night were secured and hundreds of persons were obliged to turn away from the doors on the nights of the concerts. The evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week are set for Williams' appearance in Toronto, and the hall plans as they now appear at Messrs. Nordheimer, indicate that the managers of the Auditorium, where the concerts are to take place, will have a particularly busy time of it.

On Monday evening the second quarterly concert of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was held at the Association Hall and was well attended. The pupils of the institution showed to great advantage, and their efforts met with warm applause. The singers were: Miss Sophie Foord, Mrs. Alfred Wigmore, Mr. Bruce Bradley, Miss Anna McWhinney, Miss Lizzie L. Walker, Miss Mary Pridham, Miss Clara Code, and Miss Laura Harper. The instrumentalists were: Miss Florence Brown, Miss Jessie Darling, Miss Mary Johnston, Miss Lena M. Hayes, Miss Louie McDowell, Miss Maude Fairbairn, and Miss Lonic Reeve, with Miss Hermenia Walker, Miss Eva May as elocutionists.

The Canadian College of Organists is endeavoring to popularize its people and its objects with the various constituencies its principal members occupy, and with very successful results. On Saturday last, Mr. William Reed, organist of the American Presbyterian church in Montreal, a member of the council of the college, gave an organ recital before a large audience, during which he played Sir Robert Stewart's Concert Fantasy in D minor, Guillot's Cantilene Pastoral, Gigout's March de Fete, Mendelssohn's Sixth Sonata, Buck's Rondo Caprice, and Lemmen's Ita Missa Est. Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton will give a concert to popularize this body in the Ambitious City, and the local winners of the A. C. O. (Canada) degree will give a recital for the same object, to be held in Music Hall of the College of Music, at which several church compositions of native composers will be introduced, among which are some from the pen of Mr. Reed of Montreal, which have been published by Schirmer of New York.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, the popular organist of Jarvis street Baptist church, is preparing a series of lectures upon The Development of Opera, the first of which will be delivered in the College of Music within the next few weeks, taking in the period from the inception of opera under Peri and Caccini and its gradual development to the time of the production of Beethoven's Fidelio. This lecture will be followed by two others, dealing specially with the modern Romantic School, the last of the series being devoted to Wagner, and all of them being liberally illustrated by examples from representative works of the great operatic reformers. Mr. Vogt's well-known thoroughness in any literary work he undertakes will be a sufficient guarantee of the interesting nature of the lectures he has arranged to provide for the music students of our city.

The Toronto Vocal Society has arranged to give its second concert this season, on Tuesday evening, April 21. METRONOME.

The Drama.

 NEIL Burgess' County Fair, with Neil Burgess missing, is attracting good audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. It is a lively, go-as-you-please sort of piece, which does not ask any serious consideration, but which has a laugh in every line and fun in every action. The County Fair is evidently one of the progeny of The Old Homestead and its wonderful success. There is the same absence of a distinct plot, and the interest is built up on quaintness of character, action and speech as displayed in the simple-minded, shrewd and close-listed New England farmer. All these plays make something out of the untutored granger's first awful introduction to life in the metropolis. This chance for a display of fun is too good to be lost. In The Old Homestead we see Uncle Josh in the very middle of the "thickly settled" town disporting himself with all the unconscious grace of an ox in a toy shop. In The County Fair, however, we are allowed only to imagine what a figure the redoubtable Otis Tucker would cut when he went "daown tew York." From the few suggestions and hints let fall by himself on his return and his appearance in them genowine store clothes, the imagination is assisted to many highly-amusing situations. There is a large element of pathos in The Old Homestead which does not enter into The County Fair. In The County Fair the chief element of disturbance is that most frequent thorn in the side of the rural population—a mortgage. This mortgage is personified, or in other words, is held by a measly-looking neighbor named Hammerhead, who is not half as villainous as he might be. He makes things rather disagreeable, however, for Miss Abigail Prue, the owner of the mortgaged farm, by giving her the alternative of marrying him or losing her farm. This prospect, though unpleasant, does not frighten Miss Prue, for though loth to lose her farm, she has her adoring suitor, Otis Tucker, to guard her from Hammerhead and starvation. Otis has been bringing her paper up from the postoffice every Wednesday night for fourteen years, so that she feels pretty sure of him. The mortgage fiend is finally foiled by Aunt Abigail's colt—which has been secretly trained to run by a waif she adopted—winning a purse of \$3,000 at the county fair. This, with a marriage license from Otis Tucker, and the discovery that several of the waifs she adopted were of her own kin and kin, makes Aunt Abigail happy. The machine by which the horse race is actually represented is one of the realistic triumphs of this realistic age. By means of a rapidly

moving plane, on which the horses are placed, they are forced to actually run, and run rapidly, to retain their feet. The principle is much the same as the old-fashioned dog churn, only that instead of the animals making the machine work, the revolving machine makes the animals move. The part of Abigail Prue is admirably taken by Maria Bates, and Otis Tucker is excellently presented by Mr. Thomas McGrath. The rest of the cast is well up to the mark.

The procession of variety shows seems this season to have no ending. It seems as if all the theatrical energy of the country were running to variety and farce. As a matter of fact there is more truth than poetry in this. The farce-comedy wave struck America two or three years ago and has swept it. I should think this might have something to do with the current depression in theatrical business. It may have something to do with the report that nearly half of the companies organized to tour America this season have resolved themselves into their original factors and are known on "the road" no more. That which is built on folly must end in disaster, for while a little nonsense may be relished by wise men as well as foolish, still when it gets to be all nonsense the great public arises, makes one devastating kick and someone gets hurt. This is probably what is troubling the people who thought they were going to transmute their nonsense into gold. There are a good many people in the world and, as Carlyle said, "mostly fools," but there is a limit to their nonsense absorbing capacity and I think that limit has been reached. The reactionary wave has probably set it and ere long we'll be panting for a good farce-comedy company in a desert of legitimate drama and howling melodramatic plays.

Whallen and Martell's mammoth combination which played at the Academy all week is not such a mammoth as one might think. It has two or three good features, but on the whole the show is not up to the standard of many of the variety shows which have preceded it this season. Prof. W. Kappes tight-wire specialty is worthy of commendation. The performance of the Martell family is fairly good and Rouclere does some pretty fair juggling. Manager Greene advertises a splendid attraction for the last three nights of next week. This is the great German comedian J. K. Emmet in Uncle Joe or Fritz in a Madhouse. It has been said of Emmet that he cannot act at all, but he can get two or three children about him on the stage and can play with them, talk to them and sing to them in such a way as to enthrall his audience and move them alternately to laughter and tears.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's is being presented this week a performance of unusual merit in Jim the Penman. Though Jim the Penman is getting to be very well known to habitual theater-goers it still retains a wonderful grasp on public favor. It is undoubtedly one of the most powerful plays produced in modern times. In its strong characterization and admirable construction, its cumulative interest and absorbing climax, it has been rarely equalled. But the best of plays get worn by undue repetition and Jim the Penman will probably soon be laid on the shelf to await a revival in fifteen or twenty years hence. But to those who have not seen this play it might be said that they have a treat in store. The name of A. M. Palmer in connection with the company playing it at Jacobs this week is a sufficient guarantee that it is far above the average and were it not, the name of Harry Eytinge as the Baron Hartfeld of the cast should carry assurance. In my review of the performance of this play in SATURDAY NIGHT three years ago, I remember then giving Mr. Eytinge credit for doing work equal to the best in the cast. He was, I believe, the original American Baron and made it such a success at the Madison Square theater that he for a long time bore the sobriquet of "the bad baron." The character of the Penman is very well taken by Charles H. Regel. Mr. Hardy Vernon makes a strong Louis Percival, while the sleepy Captain Redwood is capably interpreted by Mr. Edwin Travers. Nina is in the hands of Miss Louise Rial, who brings a great deal of genius and thought to the impersonation of this difficult character. An efficient support is furnished by the rest of the company.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

William Archer's criticism on Mrs. Langtry's Cleopatra is everywhere pronounced to be the most severe on record. Here it is: "Purple patches of Shakespeare swimming in a prismatic scintillant maelstrom of spectacle."

A theatrical manager says: "In a great many instances, and in some of the largest cities, the opera houses are either managed directly or controlled by women, and many of the theatrical organizations now on the road have a manageress instead of a manager. It seems odd enough, but it is nevertheless true that there are not half-a-dozen manageress in the whole profession worth a half million dollars, yet there are certainly five women who manage their own companies who can boast of wealth even exceeding this amount, namely: Lotta, Sara Bernhardt, Lily Langtry, Modjeska, and the late Emma Abbott."

A Paris correspondent says of Sardou, the great French dramatist: "Sardou has few friends. The only way to gain his favor is to feed him with flattery. His wonderful success rather disagreeable, however, for Miss Abigail Prue, the owner of the mortgaged farm, by giving her the alternative of marrying him or losing her farm. This prospect, though unpleasant, does not frighten Miss Prue, for though loth to lose her farm, she has her adoring suitor, Otis Tucker, to guard her from Hammerhead and starvation. Otis has been bringing her paper up from the postoffice every Wednesday night for fourteen years, so that she feels pretty sure of him. The mortgage fiend is finally foiled by Aunt Abigail's colt—which has been secretly trained to run by a waif she adopted—winning a purse of \$3,000 at the county fair. This, with a marriage license from Otis Tucker, and the discovery that several of the waifs she adopted were of her own kin and kin, makes Aunt Abigail happy. The machine by which the horse race is actually represented is one of the realistic triumphs of this realistic age. By means of a rapidly

moving plane, on which the horses are placed, they are forced to actually run, and run rapidly, to retain their feet. The principle is much the same as the old-fashioned dog churn, only that instead of the animals making the machine work, the revolving machine makes the animals move. The part of Abigail Prue is admirably taken by Maria Bates, and Otis Tucker is excellently presented by Mr. Thomas McGrath. The rest of the cast is well up to the mark.

is none to be had now, at least only once in a while, except in manners. Our manners are born of the stage. The fact that Americans go so much to the theater gives them a style, gives them a knowledge of the amenities of the life in what are called the upper circles, which accounts for the hoodlum raising his hat to the young woman on the street, and the affectation of Nob Hill receptions at a Tar Flat ball. You will note it, too, to some extent in conversation, where the fashion of speech used on the stage is used very often quite unconsciously. It is responsible, perhaps, also for the sentimental dissatisfaction which makes many girls' lives unhappy. Their sweethearts do not talk to them as the handsome actor talks to the leading lady in the play. But what education the stage gives is false, unnatural, and never agrees with hard experience. People know that all this stage stuff is unreal, but mankind is an imitative animal and can't help the unconscious copy. Did you ever watch a young man in conversation with a pretty girl he has just been introduced to at a ball? The affectation of style, the extravagant key of voice, the overdone laugh, the exaggeration of politeness—all these, where did he get them? They are not natural, they are not even agreeable. They are all borrowed from the stage and from the novel. This is why the simplest manners are always so effective; they are real."

Varsity Chat.

It is now one year since the great fire, for such we may call it. The University seemed at first to have decidedly suffered by the calamity that had so suddenly befallen her on a night when her sons and daughters were to make merry according to the formalities of established custom in connection with the annual convocation. Out of the ruins, however, 'Varsity is rising up with greater strength than ever. Who has not heard of our *alma mater*? Like Solomon of old she has received gifts from kings, queens, principalities and powers. All nations have taken an interest in our institution. The letters, pamphlets, documents and books received during the past year by the University authorities connect us with the greatest men and most powerful institutions in the world. A university does not depend solely for its existence on stone and mortar. These things decay, but the spirit of learning never loses its power. It passes on from age to age, stirring men up to fine thoughts and noble deeds. This spirit forever burns bright in the scholastic breast and hope is thereby enlivened. The burning lamp which adorns the heraldic shield of the 'Varsity will to future generations be the emblem of light and reason. 'Varsity has wrought much good in the past, her power is on the increase and her friends need not despair of her future.

The members of the Y. M. C. A. have issued a neat card containing a schedule of the meetings for this term. The members of the executive committee are: President, I. O. Stringer; first vice-president, G. W. Robinson; second vice-president, C. H. Mitchell; treasurer, G. E. McCraney; recording secretary, C. R. Williamson; councillors, N. McDougall, D. A. Souter; general secretary, H. B. Fraser, B. A. The conveners of committees are: Bible study, F. R. Little; rooms and reading rooms, W. Hardie; membership, G. T. Graham; inter-collegiate, J. McNichol; devotional, N. I. Perry; city missions, E. A. Henry; foreign missions, W. R. McIntosh; social purity, A. McMillan. At the regular meeting on Thursday of this week the delegates who attended the inter-provincial convention presented their report.

The doctrines of Henry George do not appear to be on the wane, for they are more freely discussed from day to day, and numerous advocates of his theories in some form or other are to be found. The students of political science devote much time in endeavoring to discover what is true and what is false in such theories. To assist them in this Prof. Ashley, on Monday morning last, delivered a lecture before the Political Science Club of '93, on the Single Tax. The professor is, for many reasons, not in favor of the Single Tax, and he thinks it is unfortunate that by such a theory men's minds should be diverted from proper economic principles. The great social problem could never be solved by the Single Tax, for the theory was not correct nor in accord with the principles of true justice.

Hon. David Mills, L.L.B., spoke "a word in season" to the fourth year class in Political Science as he was concluding his lectures for the year last week. He cautioned his class not to become imbued with the idea that they, while at college, had learned everything that was worth knowing, for they would find out that the difficult problems of life had not yet been solved by them. If they were strongly equipped with true principles when they graduated they would be sure of success.

J. J. McLaren, L.L.B., Q.C., has completed his lectures on The Comparative Jurisprudence of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The lectures were very interesting, and many differences between our case law and the code in Quebec were pointed out. The more we find out that there is much which would be valuable for us to know. It is indeed strange that Canadian history should be so much neglected at our Provincial University. The professor is, for many reasons, not in favor of the Single Tax, and he thinks it is unfortunate that by such a theory men's minds should be diverted from proper economic principles. The good saint stood transfixed—amazed, As on the slumbering babe he gazed.

"What's here? Can I believe my eyes? Belongs this babe in Paradise, Or in this world below? He surely must be frozen quite.

"Hello here! What's your name? Who's here left you in this plight Is surely much to blame.

"How came you here?" The urchin yawned And rubbed his starry eyes;

Then raised himself and looked around

In sleepy, mild surprise.

"My name's Dan Cupid, sir," said he, And smiled a winning smile;

"I'd just lay down beneath this tree To rest a little while."

"But would you not soon freeze to death?" Exclaimed Saint Valentine.

"O, no! Cold winter's icy breath Affects not me mine.

True love no frosts can ever chill,

No storms can drive away;

Naught but indifference can kill,

Or check him in his

Noted People.

Judge Holmes, son of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, is said to be the only justice on the Massachusetts supreme court bench who enjoys writing out an opinion. His associates prefer oral utterances.

The late George Bancroft, historian, was particularly sensible to the charms of young girls. He is said to have reproached a New York lad on one occasion, some years ago, because she did not call him "George."

Mrs. Rider Haggard left three children at home to accompany her husband on his journey into the shadowy regions of Aztecland. Mrs. Haggard has made friends among the ladies of New York who met her at several receptions. She is a pretty English woman, plump, florid, as English women like to be, and unaffected.

George Meredith, it is said, writes in a little cottage of two rooms standing in the garden of his house. He works in the morning, and after giving his MSS. to his daughter to copy, proceeds to study and to translate the classics. As for worldly affairs, he is a ward in chancery and has a moderate fortune.

M. Chauchard, the French purchaser of the Angelus from the American Art Association, is one of the largest stockholders in the famous Parisian dry goods shop the Magasin du Louvre, and was one of the founders of the establishment. His private art gallery contains many fine paintings, and all will probably be bequeathed to the museum of the Louvre at M. Chauchard's death.

The news that the late Duke of Bedford committed suicide will surprise no one who recalls his impatience under even the most trivial kind of annoyances, says *Modern Society*. His was not a passionate nature by any manner of means, but he had so exalted an idea of himself that he could not imagine how the Deity could possibly have the audacity to visit him, the Duke of Bedford, with sickness and pain.

It is ironical, indeed, that one of the most powerful nobles of the most plebeian country in the world should, with his own hand, put a term to his existence with a bullet just like a love-sick and starving Italian poet!

The Emperor William of Germany, as is well known, is afflicted with a malady in his ear, which at times makes him suffer greatly. One day, after being out hunting in the rain and wind, the pain was so great that the doctors ordered him injections of morphia. The Emperor decided to have a medical consultation with Drs. Bergmann and Seves and two friends of Dr. Koch. The question asked by the young Sovereign was, "Is my illness of a cancerous nature, or tuberculous?" The doctors were of opinion that it partook of this latter. It was then that the Emperor himself decided that experiments should be made on mankind, notwithstanding Koch's remonstrances, who declared that the results might not be the same on men as on animals. Notwithstanding this, the experiments were made, and as everyone knows, the Emperor followed them with passionate zeal and curiosity, which can be easily understood when the reason is known. It remains to be seen if His Majesty feels sufficiently convinced to submit himself to the same treatment.

It is announced that Mr. Richard Harding Davis is, at the beginning of next month, to be associated in the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Davis is only twenty-six years of age. He is the son of the well-known journalist, Mr. L. Clarke Davis of Philadelphia, and of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, whose brilliant work in fiction is known in every cultivated American home. Young as he is, Mr. R. H. Davis has already won his spurs, both as a journalist and as a story-writer. He was a student at the Lehigh University and at Johns Hopkins, and was afterward for three years associated with Philadelphia journalism. On his return, in 1889, from Europe, where he had been a correspondent for the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, he was engaged as a special writer for the New York *Evening Sun*, for which paper he wrote the original and picturesque series of Van Bibber Stories. His first short story, growing out of his passion for foot-ball, was published in *St. Nicholas* in 1886. His more recent tales, Gallagher, A Walk up the Avenue, The Cynical Miss Catherwright, and My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen, have given him a popularity so sudden as to be comparable only with that recently attained by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Colonel Cody's (Buffalo Bill) eldest daughter, Miss Arta, is a magnificent, queenly looking young woman, credited with having as much courage and self-confidence as her father. Many pretty stories of her pluck are told by the residents of North Platte. Among them is the following: Some years ago, when Miss Arta was about fourteen years of age, Cody had in his stable a large, handsome, high-spirited horse, who was particularly vicious—so much so, in fact, that Cody himself did not care about riding him. One day, Arta concluded that she would ride this horse, although the stableman sought to dissuade her. She was determined, however, and succeeded in getting a bridle on him, and then leaped nimbly on to his back. The horse reared and plunged, but the girl kept her seat. Finally the animal threw her. She was up again in an instant, and once more on his back. This time the animal threw her over his head, scratching her face to a considerable degree. With blood streaming down her face, her eyes filled with tears, and her rage so great that she looked like a young tigress, she sprang to her feet, crying: "The brute, I'll ride him now if he kills me," and, suiting the action to the word, gave the horse the most terrible beating he had ever received, and when she had completed, the animal was as docile as the proverbial "Old Dobbin," and Miss Arta rode off triumphantly, while her father and the stablemen looked on in astonishment. Another illustration of her confidence in her ability to take care of herself is furnished by the fact that one day, during Cody's first trip to England, she was reading a letter from him, and at once decided that she would like to see her father again. That was on a Wednesday, at North Platte, Neb., and on the following Saturday she was on a steamer leaving New York for England, and traveled the entire distance of over five thousand miles alone.

Daddy's Grandchild.



In the outer-and-only suburb of Weggville is a waste lot noted for its productivity in ferns and bramble vines, and on which there yet stands a fine specimen of the early architecture of this country, in the shape of a mansion twelve feet by twelve in area, built of un-barked logs and of the height of six linear feet to the slab that form its roof. A nail-keg suffices for chimney. A single window frame that once held four panes of 5x7 glass, but of which two are now estopped with garments, gives character to the front. The north end having considerably subsided relieves the outline from that rectangular monotony that is so detrimental to art. The color of the whole edifice is a muddy brown, pleasing to the educated eye. On one occasion an eminent artist, struck with the peaceful and rustic "bit," erected his easel and was painting assiduously when the occupant rushed out and drove him away with a broomstick. The artist was from New York, which caused him to exclaim "ha, 'pon 'onor, vulgar really; did I ever? No, never."

The occupant who was thus hostile to landscape art was a female person of advanced age, who, from the stubby beard that adorned her chin, and her habit of wearing a battered straw hat and a man's jacket—thus allowing latitude of opinion in regard to her sex,—was known as "Daddy."

This dubious citizen was a moral blot, a felon on the finger, a carbuncle on the nose of Weggville. In earlier years she was drawn, by many of the clergy, as an inference from Original Sin. Later she was frequently drawn home in a hand cart. Her alleged husband had been a burglar of some eminence, who was shot, leaving an only son, not possessing his father's genius, and never attaining a higher social position than boozier and corner loafer. It is a sorrowful truth that whom the gods love die young, therefore this estimable person asphyxiated himself by getting at a cask of forty-rod in transit, leaving to Daddy only her little grandchild Lily.

It is observable in the economy of nature—a sweet flower sometimes grows from an ugly root; so grew Lily, a sweet flower as became her name. When I first noticed her she was a little dot of a thing with blue eyes and a tinkling laugh like a sleigh bell. She shot up rapidly, as these poly-poly children do, into a slim slip of a girl useful for running of errands and holding babies when their mothers went around to the store to buy needles and corn-starch. When not so employed she had a way of wandering into the woods and making the acquaintance of squirrels. You seldom saw her that she did not have a floral wreath in her hands or on her head. She had a perfect passion for flowers. She was a general favorite. Workmen going to dinner would say to her "Hello! Lil." Even boys (those most obnoxious of animals) refrained from shying stones and merely made faces at her as they passed. As she never owned a bonnet in her life, strangers would pat her beautiful fair hair and say a kindly word and give her cents. This last was an indiscreet form of sympathy, for Daddy stole the money and converted it into whisky. More than one good neighbor would have adopted her, but her weird relative held on to her as a source of revenue.

She was about ten years of age when the kind old doctor mentioned to some of us that the little girl Lily was not long for this world. Then the true-hearted sympathy for which Weggville is noted, flowed out. Young ladies, in gangs of threes and fours to protect themselves by numbers from the fearsome presence of Daddy, were wont to visit and care for the fading lily. Everybody was kind to her. Even the meek pastor of the Eclectics, with \$300 a year of stipend, and who had cure of souls—although I never heard that he cured any—paid a dollar for a bottle of port wine for her, which Daddy drank. At Sunday school the girl had many little friends. When passing, these would frequently flatten their noses against one of the two panes of glass that remained in the window, and call: "How are you, Lily dear?" and would then run away scared when they saw Daddy rising up inside like an exhalation.

Lily faded rapidly. Her illness was short and painless. Her last words were: "I would like to be buried, please, where flowers grow."

As soon as her grandchild was dead, Daddy went around with a subscription list, but nobody gave her anything.

The little girl's friends proceeded to give her Christian burial. The Methodies and Evangelicals and those of the Presbyter had no flowers in their God's acre. Neither had the disciples of John Baptist any sweet buds for Apollo to water. Their idea of a last resting-place seemed to be to make it as horrid as possible. Two sister churches did have pretty flower plots among their graves, each communion with a gardener in a blue apron and a wheelbarrow, and to them her friends went, beseeching for four feet and a half by two to bury Lily in. The genial flambeau of the Universal Indubitable rolled his eyes and lips with kindunction and signified that as she had not received the last anointment they might dig a hole outside his fence and drop her in and he would waive all sectarian objection. The gentlemanly and ascetic Anglican regretted that the canons of his church forbade him to let her lie alongside of the deceased devout who had believed in the thirty-nine articles.

There was a little clump at the end of Tumkin's meadow of wild cherry and mountain ash and young maple and juniper, swarded beneath the trees and speckled with dog-violets and blue hyacinths and white five-starred pigeon flowers that turn into red berries. The birds came there in summer and sang carols. When the wind blew high the branches sighed, and when it blew low the leaves made a murmur as of a hymn. It was a little garden with no gardener and no wheelbarrow. That's where they laid her.

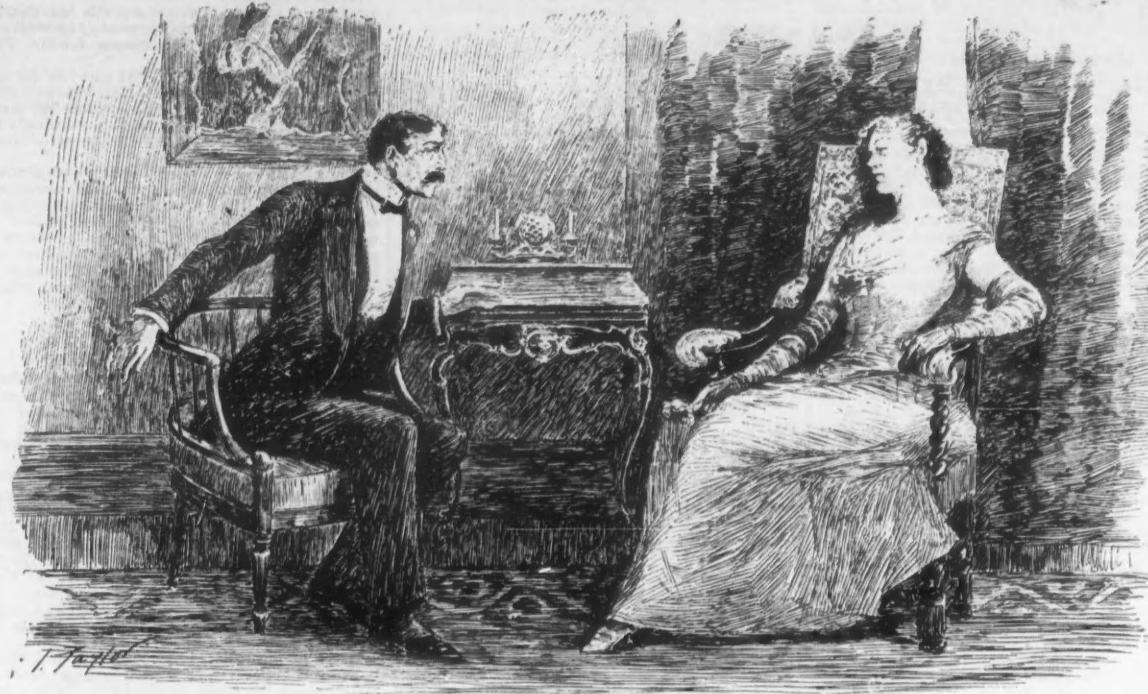
HUNTER DUVRAN.

"Now, Johnny," said papa, "who was Adam?"

"He was the man who discovered the world," said Johnny.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

A Change of Opinion.

Scene: Mrs. Bearupp's Friday evening reception. A little languid music, a little languid dancing, a great deal of languid talking.



Mr. Bordoff (looking wearily about him, and addressing himself in plaintive confidence) This is terribly dull. I think I'll make a bold dash and escape. I've really stayed as long as—(Feels a tap on his arm and turns quickly.) Mrs. Bearupp!

Mrs. Bearupp—Mr. Bordoff! The very person I have been trying to find. Please come and be introduced to a—a young lady.

Mr. Bordoff—Why this hesitation? Isn't she young? (Aside.) Oh, that I had secured my hat and freedom!

Mrs. Bearupp—Yes, indeed; young and very pretty. She came with her aunt, Mrs. Takitkin. So pretty! but the oddest creature! She says exactly what she means.

Mr. Bordoff—Then she is the woman I am dying to meet!

Mrs. Bearupp—Yes; it's positively outrageous the way that girl keeps on telling the truth!

Mr. Bordoff—I shall be charmed.

Mrs. Bearupp—Oh, will you? But here she is—luckily, alone. Miss Plainauk, let me present Mr. Bordoff, who has begged so pitifully for this introduction.

Miss Plainauk (raising a pair of candid eyes and looking at Mr. Bordoff for the fraction of a second)—I can't see why he should be pitiful about it. Good evening.

Mr. Bordoff—Delighted to have the honor.

(Mrs. Bearupp smiles herself away.) One always meets such charming people here. Do you often come to Mrs. Bearupp's Fridays?

Miss Plainauk (calmly)—I never came before; and I wish I hadn't now.

Mr. Bordoff—Ahem! You are not enjoying it at all!

Miss Plainauk—There isn't anything to enjoy, that I can discover.

Mr. Bordoff—Perhaps you would like to dance? If so, I should be only too happy—

Miss Plainauk (with an air of surprise)—Do you dance?—nicely, I mean—I'd just love to have a waltz; but—I can't. (Confidentially.) There's something the matter with my toe. I think it's a corn, and (solemnly) Aunt Alice thinks so too.

Mr. Bordoff (regaining his breath, after quite a pause)—I'm very sorry! May I stay and talk to you, then?

Miss Plainauk—It depends a good deal on what you intend to talk about.

Mr. Bordoff—Or—shall we take a turn through the rooms?

Miss Plainauk—That's even more stupid than talking.

Mr. Bordoff—Well, it is interesting just to sit and watch the people.

Miss Plainauk—Oh, do you think so? (Stifles a yawn and gazes into the far, far distance.)

Mr. Bordoff (driven to his wit's end)—You are not—ah—you don't—ah, belong to New York?

Miss Plainauk—Oh, yes, indeed! All my people are New Yorkers. Plainauk's cigarettes—that's papa's concern.

Mr. Bordoff (with augmented interest and concern)—Really? It is said to be the largest in the country.

Miss Plainauk—And all within ten years. I remember when we kept a little store on First avenue and mother worked on coats. Just think! Father can barely write his name, and my brother Ed took the honors in literature at Yale last year; and—I'm a Vassar graduate!

Mr. Bordoff (believing he has at last found a key to favor)—Ah, I thought I recognized her.

Miss Plainauk—What an abominable woman! She ought not to be allowed at large among civilized people. (A few moments later, to Mrs. Bearupp)—Such a delightful evening—but I really must tear myself away.

Mrs. Bearupp (archly)—Ah, now that Miss Plainauk has gone! Isn't she original?

Mr. Bordoff—Oh, very! If all women were like her, society would be—

Mrs. Bearupp (brightly)—Yes—wouldn't it?

Mr. Bordoff—It would, indeed!—Madeline S. Bridges, in *Puck*.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

The programme last Saturday evening was opened by the Glee Club with *The Brigadier*. It is with sorrow I learn from good authority that we are not likely to listen to many more selections from them unless a revival takes place among our musical men. The society will view with unfeigned regret the possibility of their disbanding. It has endeavored by a liberal grant and enthusiastic appreciation of their efforts to encourage the sons of harmony who have made their dwelling amongst us, to come forward and make us sharers with themselves in that gift of song in which so many of us are sadly deficient, but alas! "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley," and we are afraid that this well laid plan is going to swell the great majority. Not because of any deficiency on the part of the leading spirits, for none could have worked harder than the Jones Bros. and Kingston, and perhaps a few of the others, but simply because the rank and file seem to lack the necessary interest. Pull yourselves together, children of song, and give the enterprise a fair chance! Let each individual member feel it incumbent upon him to attend the practice, even if he does have to sacrifice a little of his time and attention. Don't we all have to make some sacrifice for the general good, from the president down, and after all is not each a gainer in the end?

Gentlemen of the Glee Club, the society has done its best for you and has a right to expect you to do something for yourselves, and the result will be that the club will remain in the future what it has been in the past, a credit and a source of pride to every law student and his female relations. After listening to the Glee the members formed themselves into a Mock Parliament for the purpose of discussing an unrestricted reciprocity bill.

Mr. Buckingham was elected leader of the Government and Mr. Cross leader of Her Majesty's loyal opposition. The former brought in the bill in a speech of fifteen minutes' duration. After building up the Unrestricted Reciprocity structure very much on the lines prescribed by those eminent architects Cartwright and Wiman, he garnished it with a few gables of his own design, which gave a very ornate appearance to the whole; declared the trade of the country to be in a most deplorable condition, and in eloquent terms called upon the house to support his bill rescuing thereby the country from the rocks upon which it was fast drifting. Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the rest of the world, depredating the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening.

Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the rest of the world, depredating the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening.

Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the rest of the world, depredating the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening.

Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the rest of the world, depredating the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening.

Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the rest of the world, depredating the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening.

Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the rest of the world, depredating the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening.

Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the rest of the world, depredating the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening.

Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results.

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN
Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MADIE TO THE RESCUE.

Patricia sat in her pretty drawing-room with a book in her hand, the lamp and fire light made a pleasant glow round her, and, though it was after seven o'clock, the window beneath the western veranda stood still unshuttered, for Gerald liked to be able to find his way in by it at any time before dinner, so it was seldom closed till eight.

Patricia, intent upon her book, did not hear the light hurrying footsteps up the garden path, and looked up startled when there reached her ears the sound of a timid, yet urgent, tap against the glass of the window.

She sprang up to open it, and, to her intense astonishment, Madie St. Cyr glided in, her face pale, her hair dishevelled, her eyes wide as if with terror, and clutching at the hand held out to her in mute welcome, the child uttered a long, low cry expressive of some severe mental strain.

"Oh, Miss Richmond! Save us! Save us!"

Patricia understood little enough of the nature of this appeal, yet she knew that there could be but one reply to it.

"I will, my child; I will. Do not trouble so, little one. You are quite safe here, I will save you, and save Corona, too."

She drew the little girl towards the fire, chasing her cold hand. The warm brightness of the room, the clasp of strong fingers, the sense of protection in the calm confidence of Patricia's manner did much to still the tumultuous terrors that had driven Madie almost to desperation during her sudden flight. She had heard flying footsteps in pursuit in every rustle of the leaves underfoot, or the boughs over her head. She had hardly expected to reach her goal alive; and now that she stood within the warm grasp of Patricia's arm, it seemed almost too good to be true, and nature found relief in a burst of wild applause.

Patricia sat down and drew the child toward her. Madie sinking to her knees, and laying her head upon the lap of her protecting friend, sobbed aloud for some minutes, consoled by the kind touch of the hand smoothing her tumbled curls, and too much relieved by the luxury of the outbreak to try and check it at once.

Patricia knew it would do her good to let her cry, so she waited several minutes before trying to learn the motive of this sudden appearance. At last, when the sobs were on the decline, she bent down and took the little one in her arms.

"There, darling, you are better now. Do not cry any more, for you are quite safe. We know what a wicked man your guardian is. If you claim protection from him we will see that you get it."

Madie shivered, yet looked up eagerly.

"Can you take us away? I thought guardians had all the power."

"And where's the power of appeal! Do not fear, poor child. You shall never go back to him, and Corona shall be rescued too. I can promise you that much at least."

But Madie's eyes were full of a strange questioning wistfulness. Words seemed to tremble in her tongue to which she was afraid to give utterance.

"What is it, my child?"

"Oh, Miss Richmond! I must tell you! Nothing can be worse than it is there! But, oh, if you would only promise to be our friend! Not to betray him—not to hurt him!"

Patricia turned pale.

"Hurt whom? betray whom? Madie, what are you talking about?"

The child's eyes were fixed upon her face in the same gaze of pleading entreaty.

"I am talking about Cedric," she whispered, so that the words could only just be heard.

"Oh Miss Richmond, will you not help to save him too?"

Patricia rang the bell, and Keith was summoned, and listened with undivided attention to the strange revelations that confirmed in a wonderful way the suspicious they had entered.

"Cedric alive and in fair health. That is better than could have been expected. Bravo, Madie! You have done famously! You are a plucky little girl, and deserve all the credit. Cheer up; do not look so frightened. You have plenty of friends working for you outside. We will defeat the old villain yet—play his own game and beat him with his own tools."

"I thought you would have a plan," said Mervyn. "You do not wish to give immediate notice to the authorities?"

Patricia's sour face was seen in the doorway. Pauline's sour face was seen in the doorway.

"Lord Mervyn would come in," she said, in a short incisive tone. "I told him I did not know if you would see him."

"I took my welcome for granted," answered Mervyn with a smile as he took a seat near the fire.

"If not accorded to me, it will be, I feel certain, to what I bring with me. Besides I am still half an invalid, and I must ask leave to rest a little while before going home."

Pauline withdrew at a sign from her brother.

Mr. Vansittart was sufficiently prepared for this visit to suspect nothing from it of a kind dangerous to himself. His thoughts were mainly occupied with wondering how to play with this rather acute young man, so as to arouse his hopes of Corona's hand, and get him to leave the jewels long enough for him to make away with them, and with the bride herself. He was anxious to propitiate him and keep him in a good humor, and did not mind entering into a discussion even of settlements.

"I hope you are better," he said courteously.

"You do not look very strong yet."

"No, I cannot boast to be that; but I am getting on. I have cheated the doctors for once."

"And your cousin, too?" hazarded Mr. Vansittart with a gleam in his eye.

Mervyn shook his head with an admirable air of sorrowful compassion.

"Ah, poor fellow; it is better not to talk of him. At least, I am glad he is beyond the clutch of the law."

"Of course you hear nothing from him?"

"No. He would naturally hesitate to write. His father feels it much."

"Of course! Of course!"

"I hope Miss St. Cyr has got over the first shock. I suppose it was a great blow to her!"

"It was; but she bore it very bravely. She is a good girl, and saw at once how hopeless it all was. But under the circumstances I have not liked to name openly to her your dithering proposals!"

"Of course not; I would not on any account have her pained. Time must be allowed to pass; but I wish to solicit your approbation."

"I could not wish anything better for my ward," was the answer, and Vansittart's eyes were fixed eagerly on the bag which Mervyn carried in his hand; but it was not immediately opened, and before very long the conversation died into deep silence. Mervyn had risen, and was fixing his glance upon his companion's face, and after one or two faint efforts to avoid his glance, Vansittart yielded to the spell, and in a few minutes later sat rigidly motionless in his chair in a deep trance.

Then Mervyn stole to the door and opened it noiselessly, but quiet as were his movements they seemed to be heard, for the dining-room door opened at the same moment, and Miss Vansittart looked out.

Mervyn never lost his head or failed to act with promptitude on any emergency. He stepped quietly up to her, as if about to speak, pushed her in the room with all possible gentleness, and before she had the least idea of his intention, had closed the door upon her and securely locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

Almost immediately a bell pealed furiously through the silent house; but the viscount only smiled as he crossed to the front door and opened it. Keith, Jock, and Gerald Richmond were waiting outside, as well as two great hounds, who could do good service in any struggle, and keep their counsel afterwards.

"All right," said Mervyn, briefly, and led the way into the study, where the evil genius of these recent events lay chained by a power he could neither feel, nor understand, nor resist.

"He is safe enough so long as I stay to watch him. You fellows go and see to things, Keith, you know the positions of the girls' rooms."

"I am not going to leave you alone with that," returned Keith, quietly. "If he were to wake up and guess anything, he would kill you as soon as look at you," and taking some straps from his pocket, Keith bound Vansittart to his chair, and then led the way upstairs.

Madie heard their steps.

"This way! This way!" they heard her clear young voice from behind the closed doors, and she beat her little hands against the panels, and danced in expectant ecstasy.

Another moment, and the bolts were shot back and the lock burst open, and Madie was

listened with undivided attention.

From time to time he asked her a question; but she was not required to talk much, and thought of listening equally to all that passed, and she kept fairly awake when she understood that Cedric's innocence did not require to be demonstrated to these people, but that they were certain of it before.

"Maidie," said Mervyn presently, "if your guardian was there that night, as it seems he must have been, do you think that he went as himself, so to speak, or did he adopt a disguise?"

"I expect he went disguised," answered Maidie, "for I saw a man once in the hall, a little man, in a mouskin cap, with a patch over one eye. He was fat—at least, he looked fat. Mr. Vansittart is thin; but I believe it was he, for he went straight into the study without ever speaking to Miss Vansittart, who bolted the door for the night, and I wondered what the little man would get out. The window was then shut down, and he stole away like a shadow."

going home alone. I thought I might meet him in the garden, and that he might kill me! Are you sure you don't mind?"

Keith laughed.

"I think we can brave the perils together. I will have a loaded revolver ready, as well as a stout stick. We will be a match for Mr. Vansittart yet!"

The child tried to laugh, but was too nervous to succeed entirely; kissing Patricia, and murmuring words of thanks to all, she let Keith take her by the hand and lead her quickly onwards through the darkness in the direction of the Panelled House.

The ascent to the upper window by means of the ivy branches and the rope was accomplished with more ease than Keith expected, for Maidie was an agile little climber. Once inside the window, she held a colloquy with someone inside, and then came and nodded vehemently to Keith, in token that all was right. The window was then shut down, and he stole away like a shadow.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VANQUISHED.

Mr. Vansittart sat in his study indulging pleasant dreams of the speedy accomplishment of his plan. It gave him a species of real enjoyment to picture the triumph he was shortly going to achieve over both his obstinate prisoners upstairs.

"We need not put the boards back any more now, Corona!"

Jock was the first to dash upstairs, and when he could get no farther he gave a loud halloo.

"Cedric, old man!"

"Here I am! Is that you, Jock?"

"Yes, and other fellows too, come to dig you out of your living tomb. Are you all right?"

"Right as anything, and glad to hear a human voice again. Corona safe?"

Everyone is safe except that old villain downstairs, who is going to have it made warm for him. Hurrah for the deliverer, Keith!

Let him have more light on the subject! The old devil has done his work well. Never mind; we'll break the whole thing to pieces. We'll have no respect for his property!"

Under the strong blows of the three strong young men the nails gave way, and the screws were worked at by Maidie.

"Here we are," cried Jock at last, and, forcing his way in through a wide crevice that seemed hardly large enough for the purpose, the brothers stood next moment face to face, wringing each other by the hand, and hardly knowing how to express their congratulation and joy.

"Cedric, old man!"

"Jock, my dear boy!" And then they shook hands again, and Jock burst into a wild laugh.

"Well, Cedric," said Keith, coming forward,

"after all the perils to which you have been exposed, I think your looks are a credit to you."

For Cedric was up and dressed, and looked almost himself again. Excitement had given him both color and animation, and he had suffered no privation during the hours he had been fastened in. Only anxiety of mind had troubled him, and even that had almost passed when the result of Maidie's last night's escapade had been communicated to him. So long as the outside world had been warned of the perils in which he stood, he felt certain of rescue; and even if peril from without menaced him later, he would face it boldly, and dispense the charge if he could. When he knew that there was a party still in his favor, and that it numbered Mervyn in its ranks, he had felt confident of success. He looked round eagerly, expectantly now, even though Corona stood at his side.

"Where is Mervyn?"

"Downstairs, keeping the enemy at bay."

"You have not left him alone with Vansittart?"

"You had better come and see the ogre tamed."

Cedric looked round upon the little bare attic and stretched his big limbs.

"Am I really free at last?"

"Free as air, my boy. At least you soon will be. Free of this place, at least; and very soon free to face the world. God! what a hero you will be! People won't know how to make enough of you! It makes a fellow quite wish it had happened to him!"

Cedric smiled slightly.

"You are welcome to the experience as far as I am concerned. I should not crave to repeat it."

"Let us come down now," said Gerald.

"Mervyn ought to have a share in all this. How does Vansittart get to this staircase? He cannot come through your private way, Miss St. Cyr."

"No; it goes right down to his library. I think I could find the spring, if we went that way. I saw him open it once."

They followed her down. With a little difficulty she unlocked the masked door in the dark library. A ray of light beneath the door—for it was almost dark by this time—guided them to the study door, and the next minute Mervyn and Cedric stood face to face. Corona looking on with shining eyes, and Maidie dancing round like a veritable sprite.

"Oh, Corona, Corona, I always said that he would be saved if only Lord Mervyn would help him."

Mr. Vansittart was just as before, in the strange sleep of the mesmeric subject. The girls looked at him with awe when they realized the silent presence of their captor and tyrant.

"Can't he hear? Doesn't he know?" whispered Mervyn, fearfully; and whilst Mervyn reassured her an exclamation from Keith started them all.

"The mouskin cap, I declare!—and the whole disguise!—and, yes, so it is, a knife the very counterpart of Cedric's."

"Yes," answered Mervyn, quietly, "I have had a little quiet conversation with Mr. Vansittart, in which he has supplied me with a good deal of valuable information. We will take these things away with us, Keith, and I think it is time to be gone. Take the girls to the carriage, and come back for me last of all."

"She is not likely to harm him, if we can't get him open!"

"No. He would naturally hesitate to write. His father feels it much."

"Of course! Of course!"

"I hope you are better," he said courteously.

"You do not look very strong yet."

"No, I cannot boast to be that; but I am getting on. I have cheated the doctors for once."

"And your cousin, too?" hazarded Mr. Vansittart with a gleam in his eye.

Mervyn shook his head with an admirable air of sorrowful compassion.

"Ah, poor fellow; it is better not to talk of him. At least, I am glad he is beyond the clutch of the law."

"Of course you hear nothing from him?"

"No. He would naturally hesitate to write. His father feels it much."

"I hope Miss St. Cyr has got over the first shock. I suppose it was a great blow to her!"

"It was; but she bore it very bravely. She is a good girl, and saw at once how hopeless it all was. But under the circumstances I have not liked to name openly to her your dithering proposals!"

"Of course not; I would not on any account have her pained. Time must be allowed to pass; but I wish to solicit your approbation."

"I could not wish anything better for my ward," was the answer, and Vansittart's eyes were fixed eagerly on the bag which Mervyn carried in his hand; but it was not immediately opened, and before very long the conversation died into deep silence. Mervyn had

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

The Woman of Thirty.

To have arrived at the age of thirty, for an unmarried woman, is to have reached a peculiar period of her life. One talks of budding womanhood, but one thinks only of budding middle age. It is an awful thing to know it is coming, and that there is no escape from it. Girlhood is just a little way back of you, but it seems to be located somewhere in the remotes ages for other people. Friends of your mother—who have always seemed old to you—say to you now: "Women like us." Old men of the chuck chin order, whom you have always dreaded—they made you feel so young and foolish—salute you now, with great respect. You are not young enough to be "chucked," nor yet old enough to be admired as a "blanked fine woman." Very young men fight shy of you, ask you uncomfortable questions about the war, or make you feel like your own grandmother by asking your advice about their love affairs.

Then the question of marriage. You are told by married aunts you are "lucky out of it." By anxious grandmas: "When they were your age, they had had eight offers, and had been married and raised a family." You remember a portrait of grandma taken at the age of thirty, and you wonder if you had done your duty and married Tom Smith, when the family expected it, if you, too, would have that sleek expression of satisfaction, that sort of a "raised-a-family" look about you. The bachelor uncle of the family declares you are "just the right age to get further offers," but "no wifey" is really a companion to a man until she has gotten over the girly period, and becomes a woman of sense," and then he invites your younger sister to the opera, and talks the next morning of the "keen enjoyment of seeing through young eyes—nothing like fresh young innocence."

No use in protesting, you are perfectly happy as you are. No one believes you, and your best friend throws an amused "sour-grapes" look at you when you declare "you are happy in being your own mistress, and wouldn't exchange your lot with any married woman on earth." No doubt you do mean it. You may be one of those fortunate, broad-minded, deep-natured women, who would not be happy tied down to the annoying, monotonous duties of married life. Your life may be full, sweet, satisfying, wholly taken up with books, music, art, friends—everything that goes to make life worth living; but you may be sure that the most bedraggled, fagged-out married female of your acquaintance—though she may in her heart envy your freshness, your leisure—has a secret contempt for you. To her mind you have been "left" in the race of life. To her, not to be married is something to be ashamed of; for there are women who, to escape the "disgrace of being old maids," would, as they frankly say, "marry monkeys."

Perhaps, on the other hand, you would be happier married. Hard work duty toward some youngster may have absorbed all your youth, or you may have viewed matrimony with the eyes of sentiment and not from a worldly point of view, and so missed your chances. Your life seems very bare and cold to you as you look forward to the future. You see visions of flat-waisted, thin-faced old maids tolerated in the houses of jovial married sisters, for their knowledge of housekeeping or staying qualities in the sick-room.

You, poor, lonesome soul, you try to make a favorite of some little niece or nephew. You are getting quite happy over your success, you feel sure the child loves you, you have almost cheated yourself into forgetting. You drink in its innocent expressions of love as a desert traveler drinks from some sparkling little brook, but your heart gives one homesick bound as the child turns from you willingly—gladly—and cuddles down in the arms of "mother." Your whole nature is aroused in passionate protest; this very mother may be careless and unworthy of her blessings, while you would forfeit years of life to have that dear little face turn to you with that look of love in the baby eyes.

How sensitive you become to every look. The thoughtless chaffing of your friends is bringing two fine, little lines about your mouth. You have smiled that scornful "don't care" smile so often that the lines have come to stay. The familiar term "old girl," used by your brother since you were children almost, has an ominous sound in your ears now, and you find yourself glancing quickly to discover if there is a laugh in his eye.

How slowly you give up, fighting at every step, until the disappointments, the heartaches, the helplessness of your fate, give an anxious look to your eyes, bring a sharp tone to your voice, and you realize that, unwillingly, you are being chiselled into a different being by the relentless sculptor Time, that you will soon be ready to be placed in your niche—an Old Maid.

But to the woman who has not realized that time was flying, whose years have gone by so pleasantly, each one so full of joy that she has simply danced through them without thought—to this woman the sudden realization of girlhood gone and womanhood staring her in the face is a sudden shock. It may come in some very simple way. Mother may say to you:

"Don't you think, dear, the spring gown you have planned is rather girlish; rather more suited to Maud, now? Something in so-and-so; don't you think, yourself, it would be better suited to your age?"

And you feel that some one has suddenly cut the ground away from under your feet. You stare at mother blankly for a moment, but her placid face smiles back into yours without a suspicion that she has stabbed you to the very heart. Pride keeps down any outcry, any questioning, on your part; you discuss the gown question as coherently as you are able, and then slip away.

You feel that you must be alone with this grawsome new thought of yours. You go up to your own room hurriedly, and, as you close the door, an uncontrollable sob breaks from your throat. You cannot think collectedly; you try to with your hand held close between your hands, but you seem stunned. The words keep coming back to you—"more suitable, you age, too girlish"; were they said to you? You nervously dread, yet long, to go up to the mirror. You feel sure crow's-feet and whitened locks will stare you in the face and when at last you do gather courage and glance at yourself, you are immeasurably relieved to find yourself looking about the same as usual. You hurriedly hunt out a half-forgotten photograph, taken years ago, with flowing hair. It is a few minutes' work to loosen your hair into some resemblance of this, and you stand staring at the two pictures.

There is a difference. You see it at a glance, without knowing exactly where it is; but you suddenly decide that your hair hanging is not becoming, and gather it into a great knot on top of your head. "What right have you to anything girlish?" you ask yourself, bitterly. A sudden dislike to the soft-hued dress you are wearing makes you change it for your dressing-gown, and then begins the despoliation of your Irish room.

"Maud shall have it all!" you decide, passionately. The contents of dressing-table, bureau drawers, and closets are ransacked, and every bright ribbon, youthful ornament, and frivolous belonging is consigned to the funeral pile of your youth, on the bed. A rebellious lump gathers in your throat, a lone, sole feeling left on your heart-strings, but you sleep bravely on until you come to the little desk. Here, hidden away, are all the romances of your youth. Schoolgirl letters, tender notes, separate budgets of sentiment—all are looked over and relentlessly dropped into the fire, until you sit with empty desk and one little pile of letters in your lap.

You do not read these over. You know them all word for word, though years have gone by since you received them, and your sorrow has softened into a tender reminiscence. At any other time but this, you might have thought, in your secret soul, that after all it was rather a poor little romance; but now—it

assumes the dignity of *la grande passion* of your life! "The future does not hold any thing for you now," you tell yourself, morbidly, and at this thought you break down and cry.

The reaction sets in from that moment. With your head hidden down there in the dark, new thoughts come thronging in. Is life over for you? Because you have left it, girlhood is just a little way back of you, but it seems to be located somewhere in the remote ages for other people. Friends of your mother—who have always seemed old to you—say to you now: "Women like us." Old men of the chuck chin order, whom you have always dreaded—they made you feel so young and foolish—salute you now, with great respect. You are not young enough to be "chucked," nor yet old enough to be admired as a "blanked fine woman." Very young men fight shy of you, ask you uncomfortable questions about the war, or make you feel like your own grandmother by asking your advice about their love affairs.

Then the question of marriage. You are told by married aunts you are "lucky out of it." By anxious grandmas: "When they were your age, they had had eight offers, and had been married and raised a family." You remember a portrait of grandma taken at the age of thirty, and you wonder if you had done your duty and married Tom Smith, when the family expected it, if you, too, would have that sleek expression of satisfaction, that sort of a "raised-a-family" look about you. The bachelor uncle of the family declares you are "just the right age to get further offers," but "no wifey" is really a companion to a man until she has gotten over the girly period, and becomes a woman of sense," and then he invites your younger sister to the opera, and talks the next morning of the "keen enjoyment of seeing through young eyes—nothing like fresh young innocence."

No use in protesting, you are perfectly happy as you are. No one believes you, and your best friend throws an amused "sour-grapes" look at you when you declare "you are happy in being your own mistress, and wouldn't exchange your lot with any married woman on earth." No doubt you do mean it. You may be one of those fortunate, broad-minded, deep-natured women, who would not be happy tied down to the annoying, monotonous duties of married life. Your life may be full, sweet, satisfying, wholly taken up with books, music, art, friends—everything that goes to make life worth living; but you may be sure that the most bedraggled, fagged-out married female of your acquaintance—though she may in her heart envy your freshness, your leisure—has a secret contempt for you. To her mind you have been "left" in the race of life. To her, not to be married is something to be ashamed of; for there are women who, to escape the "disgrace of being old maids," would, as they frankly say, "marry monkeys."

Perhaps, on the other hand, you would be happier married. Hard work duty toward some youngster may have absorbed all your youth, or you may have viewed matrimony with the eyes of sentiment and not from a worldly point of view, and so missed your chances. Your life seems very bare and cold to you as you look forward to the future. You see visions of flat-waisted, thin-faced old maids tolerated in the houses of jovial married sisters, for their knowledge of housekeeping or staying qualities in the sick-room.

You, poor, lonesome soul, you try to make a favorite of some little niece or nephew. You are getting quite happy over your success, you feel sure the child loves you, you have almost cheated yourself into forgetting. You drink in its innocent expressions of love as a desert traveler drinks from some sparkling little brook, but your heart gives one homesick bound as the child turns from you willingly—gladly—and cuddles down in the arms of "mother." Your whole nature is aroused in passionate protest; this very mother may be careless and unworthy of her blessings, while you would forfeit years of life to have that dear little face turn to you with that look of love in the baby eyes.

How sensitive you become to every look. The thoughtless chaffing of your friends is bringing two fine, little lines about your mouth. You have smiled that scornful "don't care" smile so often that the lines have come to stay. The familiar term "old girl," used by your brother since you were children almost, has an ominous sound in your ears now, and you find yourself glancing quickly to discover if there is a laugh in his eye.

How slowly you give up, fighting at every step, until the disappointments, the heartaches, the helplessness of your fate, give an anxious look to your eyes, bring a sharp tone to your voice, and you realize that, unwillingly, you are being chiselled into a different being by the relentless sculptor Time, that you will soon be ready to be placed in your niche—an Old Maid.

But to the woman who has not realized that time was flying, whose years have gone by so pleasantly, each one so full of joy that she has simply danced through them without thought—to this woman the sudden realization of girlhood gone and womanhood staring her in the face is a sudden shock. It may come in some very simple way. Mother may say to you:

"Don't you think, dear, the spring gown you have planned is rather girlish; rather more suited to Maud, now? Something in so-and-so; don't you think, yourself, it would be better suited to your age?"

And you feel that some one has suddenly cut the ground away from under your feet. You stare at mother blankly for a moment, but her placid face smiles back into yours without a suspicion that she has stabbed you to the very heart. Pride keeps down any outcry, any questioning, on your part; you discuss the gown question as coherently as you are able, and then slip away.

You feel that you must be alone with this grawsome new thought of yours. You go up to your own room hurriedly, and, as you close the door, an uncontrollable sob breaks from your throat. You cannot think collectedly; you try to with your hand held close between your hands, but you seem stunned. The words keep coming back to you—"more suitable, you age, too girlish"; were they said to you? You nervously dread, yet long, to go up to the mirror. You feel sure crow's-feet and whitened locks will stare you in the face and when at last you do gather courage and glance at yourself, you are immeasurably relieved to find yourself looking about the same as usual. You hurriedly hunt out a half-forgotten photograph, taken years ago, with flowing hair. It is a few minutes' work to loosen your hair into some resemblance of this, and you stand staring at the two pictures.

There is a difference. You see it at a glance, without knowing exactly where it is; but you suddenly decide that your hair hanging is not becoming, and gather it into a great knot on top of your head. "What right have you to anything girlish?" you ask yourself, bitterly. A sudden dislike to the soft-hued dress you are wearing makes you change it for your dressing-gown, and then begins the despoliation of your Irish room.

"Maud shall have it all!" you decide, passionately. The contents of dressing-table, bureau drawers, and closets are ransacked, and every bright ribbon, youthful ornament, and frivolous belonging is consigned to the funeral pile of your youth, on the bed. A rebellious lump gathers in your throat, a lone, sole feeling left on your heart-strings, but you sleep bravely on until you come to the little desk. Here, hidden away, are all the romances of your youth. Schoolgirl letters, tender notes, separate budgets of sentiment—all are looked over and relentlessly dropped into the fire, until you sit with empty desk and one little pile of letters in your lap.

You do not read these over. You know them all word for word, though years have gone by since you received them, and your sorrow has softened into a tender reminiscence. At any other time but this, you might have thought, in your secret soul, that after all it was rather a poor little romance; but now—it

assumes the dignity of *la grande passion* of your life! "The future does not hold any thing for you now," you tell yourself, morbidly, and at this thought you break down and cry.

The reaction sets in from that moment. With your head hidden down there in the dark, new thoughts come thronging in. Is life over for you? Because you have left it, girlhood is just a little way back of you, but it seems to be located somewhere in the remote ages for other people. Friends of your mother—who have always seemed old to you—say to you now: "Women like us." Old men of the chuck chin order, whom you have always dreaded—they made you feel so young and foolish—salute you now, with great respect. You are not young enough to be "chucked," nor yet old enough to be admired as a "blanked fine woman." Very young men fight shy of you, ask you uncomfortable questions about the war, or make you feel like your own grandmother by asking your advice about their love affairs.

Then the question of marriage. You are told by married aunts you are "lucky out of it." By anxious grandmas: "When they were your age, they had had eight offers, and had been married and raised a family." You remember a portrait of grandma taken at the age of thirty, and you wonder if you had done your duty and married Tom Smith, when the family expected it, if you, too, would have that sleek expression of satisfaction, that sort of a "raised-a-family" look about you. The bachelor uncle of the family declares you are "just the right age to get further offers," but "no wifey" is really a companion to a man until she has gotten over the girly period, and becomes a woman of sense," and then he invites your younger sister to the opera, and talks the next morning of the "keen enjoyment of seeing through young eyes—nothing like fresh young innocence."

No use in protesting, you are perfectly happy as you are. No one believes you, and your best friend throws an amused "sour-grapes" look at you when you declare "you are happy in being your own mistress, and wouldn't exchange your lot with any married woman on earth." No doubt you do mean it. You may be one of those fortunate, broad-minded, deep-natured women, who would not be happy tied down to the annoying, monotonous duties of married life. Your life may be full, sweet, satisfying, wholly taken up with books, music, art, friends—everything that goes to make life worth living; but you may be sure that the most bedraggled, fagged-out married female of your acquaintance—though she may in her heart envy your freshness, your leisure—has a secret contempt for you. To her mind you have been "left" in the race of life. To her, not to be married is something to be ashamed of; for there are women who, to escape the "disgrace of being old maids," would, as they frankly say, "marry monkeys."

Then the question of marriage. You are told by married aunts you are "lucky out of it."

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Friend—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—Hello! what's happened?

Merchant— Been taking an inventory

INCORPORATED
1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN
President
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
FOURTH YEAR
OVER 1,200 PUPILS LAST THREE YEARS
Send for New 100-page calendar for season 1890-
91. Mailed free to any address. Apply—
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.
Please mention this paper.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.
Thorough musical education in all branches. SPECIAL
ADVANTAGES. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

S. H. CLARK
ELOCUTIONIST
Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.
PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION
65 Winchester Street - - - - - Toronto

Misses Eleanor and Edith Rowland
Pupils of Julius Eichberg, Director of Boston Conservatory
are prepared to give instruction on

THE VIOLIN
Particulars and terms at their residence.
52 Cecil Street - - - - - Toronto

MRS. ANNIE WALDRON, Concert Solo
Pianist, also Violinist (Solo pianist "Agnes Thompson" Concert Company's tour). For concert engagements and circular of English press criticism address—
38 Berkeley Street, Toronto.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Chorister of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, etc. Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL
Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Chorister Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
303 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

T. A. BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne street Methodist church,
is prepared to receive pupils in
ORGAN, PIANO AND THEORY
ADDRESS, 46 PHOEBE STREET.

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI
FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.

Signor Rubini has been for several years principal professor of singing at the London Academy, London, and has in former years been a pianoforte pupil of the well-known pianoforte virtuoso Prof. George Michael and Tallis. It is to announce that he has now open A Vocal and Pianoforte Academy at No. 82 Church Street, Toronto, for professional and amateur students. Pupils also preparing for the stage, oratorio and concert hall, also preparing lessons in the pianoforte. Classes for ladies and gentlemen. Terms moderate. Address 82 Church Street, Toronto.

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante
Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor of "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 555 Church St.

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carradus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

CANADIAN COLLEGE OF COMMERCIAL TRAINING
Incorporating Canadian Business University, Bengough's Shorthand Institute, Warriner's Courses of Higher Commercial Training.

Most modern and thorough business courses. Pioneer school, 800 graduates in good positions. Lowest rates and location. Most practical courses of instruction in Dominion.

NIGHT CLASSES
In Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand and Typewriting commence 1st Monday in October.

TORONTO Cor. Yonge & Gerard} Bengough & Warriner

LOWE'S COMMERCIAL ACADEMIES
For Ladies and Gentlemen

CENTRAL SCHOOL—53 King Street East
(Over Nasmyth's).
WESTERN SCHOOL—278 Spadina Ave.
Geo. A. Lowe, Principal.

Hundreds of my pupils now holding lucrative positions. Competent teachers in attendance day and evening. (No lady teachers.)

SUBJECTS—
Bookkeeping
Shorthand (Pitman's or Light Line)
Typewriting (4 machines)
Penmanship

Above subjects taught thoroughly for \$5. This is the entire charge until competent.

Pupils Assisted to Positions

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE

57 GLOUCESTER STREET

DRESSMAKING PARLORS
Conducted by MISS PATON,

Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Boating, Tennis and Holiday Suites. Also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and rapid attention to business. Therefore, we have undoubted confidence of securing entire satisfaction.

ROOM—H. WALKER & SONS

FINE FUNERAL GOODS
J. A. GORMALY
Telephone 1320 137 Queen Street West

THE VOICE
Production, Development, Cultivation and Style

W. ELLIOT HASLAM
SPECIALIST FOR VOICE CULTURE
Gives lessons in Singing, and prepares professional pupils for Oratorio, Concert or Opera.

Studio 113 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

HAMILTON McCARTHY, R.C.A.,
SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments, "Ladies" and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - - - - Toronto
SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.
"THE BEST"

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes.
Sunbeams \$1 per doz.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
86 Yonge Street Arcade

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS

ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY
OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES

76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. Dining-rooms & a comfortable lounge of the most comfortable armchairs and sofas, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the best quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor. Telephone 1090.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES,
warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market, 101 Yonge Street.

DR. MCLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

F. G. CALLENDER
DENTIST
Has removed from 12 Carlton Street to

349 YONGE STREET
(Over D. L. Thompson's Pharmacy)

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Extensions. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B
Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR
WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, \$8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

DR. MCLAUGHLIN
DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

F. G. CALLENDER
DENTIST

Has removed from 12 Carlton Street to

349 YONGE STREET
(Over D. L. Thompson's Pharmacy)

NEW MUSIC

No Life Without Love, Waifus
By Chas. Bohner Price 60

Reverie, Muscale Value
By J. C. Swallow Price 60

Move On Polka
By Chas. Bohner Price 40

Field Flowers Walks
By M. A. Wedd Price 50

Every piece a gem. Ask your dealer
for them or order direct from
the publishers



WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS

158 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DRESS AND MANTEL MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at
moderate prices.

MRS. A. JAMES

153 Richmond Street - - - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

THE SCHOOL OF CUTTING
Teaching our New Tailor System of Dress and Mantle cutting for Ladies and children's garments. Perfect satisfaction assured.

DRESSMAKING
Our art. Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Design. Special attention to Costumes and Mantle making.

MILLINERY
Leading styles. Well assortied winter stock at reduced pr. cse.

J. & A. CARTER
372 Yonge St., cor. Walton
Established 1860 Toronto

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dress Cutting Taught

Magic Scale Agency

MISS CHUBB

496 Yonge St., Just South of College

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the science of dietetics and nutrition, and by a careful application of the principles of self-taughted Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until it becomes strong and very tenacious to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are lurking around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Finest Perfumes

AND

Sachet Powders

IN GREAT VARIETY

IN BULK AND BOTTLE

NEIL C. LOVE & CO.

Chemists and Perfumers

166 Yonge St. - - - - - Toronto, Ont.

HOMOEOPATHIC PHARMACY

394 Yonge Street, Toronto

Keeps in stock Pure Homoeopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules.

Books and Family Medicine Cases from \$1 to \$12. Orders for Medicines and Elixirs promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet.

D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

DEAFNESS
ITS CAUSES AND CURE

Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide repute.

Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonies of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

Dr. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.

G RAND NATIONAL
Hack and Coupe
Stables, 108 Mutual St.
Handsome turnouts
with careful drivers
any time day or night.

Telephone 2104

Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

The Marriage Idiot.

James Payn writes: The reason why "marriage is losing its popularity and beginning to die out" is, it seems—if we are to believe a writer in a well-known social review—because of the progress of Culture. "This creates, emphasises, and sensitivises individuality, and becomes the parent of a critical fastidiousness—but of nothing else. In other words, the egotistic idiot thus described seems to have just sense enough to see the advisability of not perpetuating his species. As he can only set upon a companion who is capable of appreciating fresh and spontaneous thought, his area of matrimonial choice is limited, and he does not marry. Let us thank Heaven for that, whatever be his reason, though the idea of freshness and spontaneity being associated with a prig of this kind is humorous indeed. He is not even a self-made man; he is made out of materials stolen from other people, and is at best but a species of tailor-made Guy Fawkes. We are told "he pines for a luminous sympathy," by which, perhaps, is meant the fireworks. What possible effect he can have on the matrimonial question at large it is difficult to understand, since there are surely only a very few of such creatures.

The Unhappy Pastor.

A pastor, who has "been there" and knows all about it, says that many churches treat a pastor as people treat a cat. When they are calling him, it is, "Come, pussy! come, pussy!"

For a time after he is settled, and while all hope to use him for their own purposes, they stroke him and say, "Good pussy! nice pussy!"

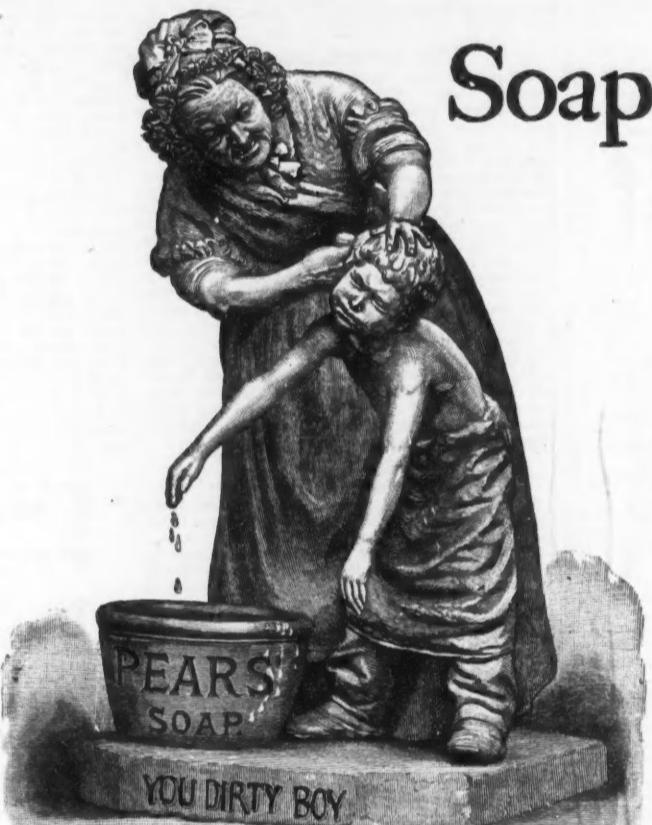
And after they tire of him they say, "Scat!" and away he must go to fresh fields and pastures new.—N. Y. Examiner.

Uses of Society.

Maiden—it seems to me society is useful only to people who want to get married.

Matron—You mistake, my dear. It is equally useful to people who are married and want to forget it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Pears'



You Dirty Boy!

The best for the Complexion. A "balm for the Skin."

The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer.

Fresh Arrivals

We are better prepared than ever to supply our Customers with
Everything Nice in Foot Wear
For the spring trade. Call and
see us.

H. & C. BLACKFORD

<p



Early to Bed Early to Rise
and your business tell no lies
Pay your debts and Advertise
various Undervests of Suitable size
Prices most moderate not otherwise
you want to be Wealthy Healthy & Wise
upon Health Brand Undervests
Cast your Eyes

BY EVERY LEADING DRY GOODS STORE
IN THE DOMINION.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

G. Elgie, Miss Capon, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Baker, Mr. W. H. P. Weston, Miss Ranney, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hasket, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sparrow, Miss Katie Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Foster, Mr. A. H. Mason, Miss Graham of Owen Sound, Mr. D. B. Jacques, Miss Brown, Mr. J. D. Kelly, Miss Yeomans, Mr. R. B. Elgie, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, Mr. A. E. and Miss Bell, Mr. E. G. Hatchborn, Mr. and Mrs. Symington, Mr. J. M. and Mrs. Skaitch, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Pender, Mr. Lou McBrien, Mr. H. C. Sheppard, Mr. Sherlock-Hubbard, Miss Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cox, Mr. Harry York, Miss C. M. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Binham, Mr. T. Foy, Miss Florrie E. Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Cleghorn, Dr. and Mrs. King, and the Misses King, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Higman, Miss Higman, Mr. and Mrs. Boon, Mr. Will St. Croix, Miss Peters, Mr. F. W. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. William Stone, Miss Vansickle of Barrie, Mr. F. and Miss C. Strowger, Mr. James and Miss G. Jephcott, Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Byron, Mr. L. N. Vanstone, Miss Burns, Mr. John Kay, Mr. R. J. and Miss Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O'Malley, Mr. R. A. Shutt, Miss Piddington, Mr. W. G. and Miss Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robins, Miss Robins, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Mr. Kirk L. Perry, Miss Davidson, Miss Pearall, Mr. G. F. Anderson, Mr. G. W. Stewart, Miss B. Wynn, Mr. D. B. Ward, Miss M. Wynn, Miss B. Colby, Mr. W. E. and Miss Brownjohn, Mr. James Litster, Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dignum, Mr. W. C. Smith, Mr. W. Lawson, Miss Forest of Markham, Mr. A. G. Malcolm, Mr. Harry McCuaig, Mr. Harry Kitson, Mr. S. E. Cunningham, Miss L. Claxton, Mr. F. J. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Young, Mr. W. B. Bizzell, Miss G. Wynn, Mr. John Pearson, Mr. W. S. Ziller, Mr. R. Holmes, Miss Gusela McEachern, Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury Finch, Mr. W. H. Leeson, Miss M. A. Platts, Miss McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Clark, Mr. George Marshall, Mr. Thomas W. Copp, Miss Robertson, Mr. R. W. McClain, Mr. J. Applegate, Miss Jackman, the Misses Barley, Mr. J. Massie, Miss Ella Scrimger, Mr. John F. Gray, Miss M. Platte, Mr. Seymour Corley, Miss Stanbury, Mr. F. J. and Miss Whatmough, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Murdoch, Mr. J. E. McClung, Mr. Fred Thomas, Miss M. Stuart, Miss Seymour of St. Catharines, Miss N. Spence.

Mrs. Beckitt, who has been the guest of her father and mother at Chestnut Park, has returned to her home in Quebec.

Mr. J. G. Carter Troop will, on February 17, deliver a lecture in St. George's church schoolhouse on Lord Beaconsfield.

Mr. F. P. Birley's male employees presented him the other day with a gold headed cane. The gift was to mark their esteem, and to commemorate the tenth year of his proprietorship.

Mrs. Charles Millar of Brantford is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Walker, on College street.

Mr. Ernest McConkey has just returned from California, where he has been traveling for the past two months for his health.

On Friday of last week a pretty wedding took place at Sherbourne street Methodist church, when Myra, the only daughter of Rev. E. A. Stafford, the pastor, was married to Mr. Arthur R. Thompson. The bride wore a graceful gown of white faille, with feather trimmings. Her bridesmaid, Miss Ryckman, and a tiny maid of honor, Miss Gladys Thompson, were garbed in yellow, and two little pages in Fauntleroy suits were also in attendance. A reception was held in the church parlors, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson received the warm congratulations of their numerous friends.

The Maritana Club will hold their second annual At Home in Webb's Parlors, on February 27.

A very successful At Home was held on Tuesday evening last by the Young People's Association of the Church of the Redeemer, in the school house of the church. A very large audience was present. Rev. Mr. Jones, Rev. Mr. Kuhring, Mrs. Garratt, Miss Wright, Miss Dick, Miss Synons, Miss Kleiser, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Barber, Mr. Stewart, and an octette from the Osgoode Hall Glee Club, contributed to a very excellent programme.

Choosing a Trade.

Modern Girl—Father, I long to be independent—to rely upon my own exertions for support. What trade or profession would you recommend?

Wise Father—First-class cooks make five thousand dollars a year.

Modern Girl—I don't like cooking. It's too feminine.—N. Y. Weekly.

He had a Bill.

First Swell—Here comes Luncheon, the tailor. He looks as if he intended to speak to us. Second Swell (nervously)—Let's turn into this side street and hide in some alley-way. I don't like to associate with people in trade.—N. Y. Weekly.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." 'Tis so with the Cambric Embroideries that have gone into stock this week. Ready money and long experience enables us to go direct to the manufacturers in Switzerland. This means much---to you. All the advantage of the immense variety of headquarters. The newest styles—all the latest wrinkles. The gain of buying direct. You catch on.

10 cents is our price to you for a leading line of Embroideries. A Toronto wholesale would mark such goods 15 cents. Or for 5 cents you get a really unique pattern. The retailer who would pay 10 cents for the like, what must he charge you.

"Boltonian." The name means much in Ladies and Misses' Vests. The correct thing every way. High-neck, ribbed arms; high neck, short sleeves. You will have your own ideas about these matters. We please you anyway.

Think of these goods, and then no 70 cents for such stock, in say long sleeves.

You know that selling goods by mail is a great feature of our business. You get samples for the asking. You can order anything needed.

R. SIMPSON
174, 176, 178 Yonge St., and 1 and 3 Queen St. West, Toronto

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 2033

February Bargains—Curling Tongs, 7c; Eddy's Matches, 9c a box; 60 ft. Clothes Lines, 10c; 25c Sleighs for 16c, and 75c Sleighs for 34c; 10,000 Sponges from 1c each up to 35c, worth from 5c to \$1. Our Wooden Room is very attractive at our prices. Rattler Zinc Wash Board, 10c; Tubs, 55c, 69c and 84c for the three sizes. Self-wringing Mops, 40c, worth 75c. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

The Carleton Opera Company. That there is an uncommon interest in the engagement of W. T. Carlton's Opera Company at the Grand Opera House next week is conclusively shown by the sale of seats. This is not surprising to the observer, who has always seen the merit of attracting properly prepared, and well-chosen pieces, especially that the fine artistic work of the Carleton company on its former visits is remembered and the repetition of it is expected with confidence. Mr. Carlton, it is reported, is in better voice than he has been in for several years past, and has in the three operas he will give here, his three favorite roles in comic and romantic opera. He has sung the role of Marquis d'Aubique, which he created at the original production of the opera at the New York Casino seven years ago, over three thousand times. The members of his company were especially engaged for their respective roles in these three operas, while the chorus is, of course, still that characteristic Carleton chorus—as one vast instrument played upon by master hands. *Nanion* will be given on Monday and Wednesday matinees. *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief* will be given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and *Claude Duval* on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Mrs. FRANK MACKELVIE, Lincoln, Neb.; Hamilton, and Miss MINNIE GAYLORD, soprano, of Lincoln, Neb.; Mr. E. W. SCHUCH, baritone; Mr. REIMER, tenor; Mr. W. H. RAMSAY, humorist.

Plan opens at Heintzman's, 117 King Street West, on Monday, February 16.

First Grand Concert of the Season

BY THE

HEINTZMAN BAND

Under the direction of Mr. HERBERT L. CLARKE, in the

Pavilion, Thursday Evening, Feb. 19

ADMITTED BY

THE WALTZ MINUET

has been received with astounding favor in society circles in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, and Boston, and even in England. Music (a chart of the set of Waltzes) for piano. Dance fully explained. Free by mail on receipt of price, 60¢ per copy; four copies for \$2. Address PROF. JNO. F. DAVIS, 102 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society

Have pleasure in announcing the special engagement of

CHARLES SANTLEY

Of London, Eng., the Premier Bartolome of the World, for

their two concertos, APRIL 6 and 7.

Mendelssohn's Octet, ELIJAH, Massenet's Canaries

EVE, and Miscellaneous Selections.

A Grand Musical Festival

Subscription lists now open at Nordeheimer's, Mason & Ricoh's, Suckling's, Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, and the

Toronto College of Music. Tickets only 82 each. Subscribers will have first choice of reserved seats.

A Crushed Husband.

Heiress—And you are sure you are marrying me for myself alone?

Binks—Can you ask?

Heiress—My wealth counts nothing to you!

Binks—Nothing.

Heiress—Then we can be all in all to each other. I have just given the whole of my million to the Home for Pauper Lunatics.

Whither Binks was taken shortly afterward.

Ladies, don't miss this Bankrupt Sale of Millinery Goods now going on at
THE BON MARCHE

MONSTER ATTRACTION!
SALE NOW GOING ON
AT THE BON MARCHE

A BANKRUPT STOCK OF MILLINERY GOODS
Portion of the Estate of Wm. McKenzie, Yonge St.
TREMENDOUS BARGAINS IN THE FOLLOWING GOODS

Ladies' Trimmed

Hats and Bonnets

Feathers, Flowers

Ribbons, Laces

Parasols, Umbrellas

Gloves and Hosiery

New Checks in Double Fold Spring Suitings

Ladies' Waterproof and Heptonette Cloaks, &c.

All of which will be sold at great sacrifice, as this BANKRUPT STOCK OF MILLINERY GOODS must be CLEARED OUT BEFORE MAKING our Grand Alterations.

Ladies' Umbrellas, Gent's Umbrellas, in great variety at astonishing prices, now selling at

THE BON MARCHE

THE
BON
MARCHE

Dress Silks and Satins

Fine Silk Velvets

Elegant Mantle Velvets

Lovely Silk Plushes

Rich Mantle Plushes

For First Choice Come at Once!

SALE NOW GOING ON

7 and 9 King Street East

William McKenzie's
Bankrupt Stock of Millinery Goods now selling at
THE BON MARCHE

THE MECHANICAL SUPERIORITY
OF THE

MASON & RISCH PIANOS

Of necessity deals with technical terms, with which few except experts are familiar. What the public mainly base their verdict upon is results. The question is—in what does the complete instrument excel? Briefly then,

Touch, Tone and Durability

These instruments possess a pure, rich, sonorous quality of tone throughout. The treble and tenor is liquid, brilliant and melodious, the bass deep, clear and rich; while the touch is delicate, prompt and elastic.

Are you interested in Pianos—either as a connoisseur or as a prospective buyer? Do us the favor to test our instrument thoroughly before selecting.

LET MERIT TELL THE STORY

MASON & RISCH 653 Queen St. West, and 32 King St. West

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

1 WEEK ONLY COMMENCING MONDAY NEXT

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

The Operatic Event of the Season

W. T. Carlton's OPERA COMPANY

Presenting a repertoire of the latest

OPERA COMIQUE SUCCESSES

Monday Evening and Wednesday Matinee

Tuesday and Thursday Evening and Saturday Matinee

An Excellent Company and Strong Chorus. The Most Complete Organization Traveling.

No advance in price. Box plan now open.

HAMMOND'S FURS

Are being sold this month

At and Below Cost

The very best quality of furs at prices that may not be quoted again for years, as furs are yearly becoming more expensive.

HAMMOND THE FURRIER

129 Yonge Street

LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO

Just completed and now open to the public.

Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

Built expressly for the purpose. Heated by steam.

Elegant waiting and reception rooms. All modern conveniences. High class work a specialty. Prices moderate.

PROF. DAVIDS' Academy of Dancing

(No branch academy)

102 Wilton Ave.

Second Year. 16,000 Pupils.

Classes for Ladies, Misses and Masters. Private lessons by appointment.

Out of Town.
HAMILTON.

The Grand Opera House presented a very gay appearance on Friday evening of last week with its festoons of flags and flowers intermingled with many artistic shades of bunting, the occasion being the Bachelor's ball, the first one given in three years, and although a long time has passed since we had visions of former balls given under the same auspices and knew that they would be sure to have a charming time. The stewards were Messrs. Burns, Dewar, Gates, Gansby, Harvey, Hobson, J. W. Hendrie, W. Hendrie, Jr., R. H. Labatt, M. Young, Jr. The patronesses were Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Findlay, Mrs. Hobson, Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Lottridge, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Ridley and Mrs. Roach. A word must be said for the secretary, who performed his difficult task in a manner that delighted everyone. The gowns were all beautiful, and among the many dancers I noticed Mrs. Barwick of Toronto, in grey silk with feather trimmings of the same shade; Mrs. F. Mackelcan in apple green silk with pink and green brocade, caught up with pink rosebuds; Mrs. Osborne of Bradford wore cream silk with gold; Mrs. Hendrie in grey green brocade with pink feathers; Miss A. Hendrie, yellow and pale blue silk with forget-me-nots in hair; Mrs. Thompson, pale pink silk with olive green velvet; Miss Dewar, white brocade with gold and white guaze; Miss A. Dewar, pink and gold guaze; Mrs. MacCusig of Woodstock, yellow crepe de chine; Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock, white silk with lace and feather trimming; Miss Pattullo of Woodstock, nile green silk; Mrs. Skinner, white brocade; Miss Leggat, pink silk and tulle; Miss Roach, nile green crepe; Miss Bella Roach, white and silver crepe de chine; Miss Crompton of Bradford, mauve crepe and silk; Miss Dunlop, cream silk; Miss Coldham, gray and silver; Miss Sinclair, white; Mrs. Billings, pink velvet with crimson; Miss Billings, black lace; Mrs. Burton, black net and gray silk; Mrs. Leggat, amethyst velvet; Mrs. P. D. Creer, black lace; Miss Ridley, black net; Miss Gardner, buttercup silk; Miss Sybil Seymour of Toronto, white silk and yellow; Miss Violet Seymour of Toronto, pale blue silk; Miss Spratt, mauve silk and gold; Miss Bruce, pale pink silk; Miss May Walker, rose silk with beaded passementerie; Mrs. Robert Morris, eau de nil, with violets and mauve ribbons; Miss Carpenter, in mauve crepe; Miss MacGivern, black lace and jet; Miss Saunders of Guelph, white; Mrs. Wanzer, black lace and steel trimmings; Miss E. Watson, white silk and tulle; Miss Briggs, white; Miss A. Hobson, yellow satin; Miss Totten of Woodstock, eau de nil tulle.

Mrs. Hendrie gave a delightful tea the day of the ball, to her many friends.

Mrs. MacCusig of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Crichton, Robinson street.

Mrs. Bruce gave a charming dinner on Tuesday evening.

The Misses Seymour of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. Bruce of Duke street.

Miss Walker of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Osborne of Herkimer street.

Mrs. Pattullo of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Frank Mackelcan.

Among the many male visitors at the ball were Messrs. Kortright and MacCarthy of Barrie, Messrs. Matthews, Montizambert, Morrison, Wyatt, Michie, Douglas, Small and MacGivern of Toronto, Messrs. Hardy, Gould, Kitmaster, Thomson of Bradford, Messrs. Dumoulin and Barnard of Woodstock and Messrs. Perkins and Whitney of Rochester.

Miss Wood of Millbrook is the guest of Miss Bell of Hannah street.

Senator Sanford has returned from England.

Miss Minnie Wood of James street south gave a delightful luncheon on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Hope entertained a few friends at dinner on Friday of last week.

Among the Hamiltonians present at the Yacht Club Ball in Toronto were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. William Ramsay, Miss A. Hendrie, Miss Sinclair, Miss Martin, Messrs. Ricketts and Osborne.

Mrs. Leggat entertained friends to dinner on Tuesday evening.

Miss Madeline Bell gave a charming tea on Thursday of last week in honor of her guest Miss Woods.

Miss Coldham of Toledo has left for Woodstock after spending a few weeks here.

Mrs. Harvey gave a charming dinner on Thursday evening.

Prof. Baumann's concert in Association Hall was success in every sense of the word, the artists being Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Alexander of Toronto and Mr. George Fox, violinist. The hall was crowded to the doors. Mrs. Caldwell was even a greater favorite than ever, sang her numbers with her usual sweetness and wonderful execution which has made her Canada's star. Miss Alexander has not appeared here often and I think most of the audience had not had the pleasure of listening to her before, and she fairly won the hearts of all present with her charming recitations, especially the Royal Bowmen. Mr. Fox is well known and nothing need be said except he played in excellent style, as he always does. Prof. Baumann is to be congratulated on bringing us such exquisite talent.

Mrs. Caldwell was the guest of Mrs. A. Woolverton of James street.

Miss Alexander visited Mrs. Aldous.

Mrs. George Hamilton has left on a few weeks' visit to Washington and New York.

SYLVIA.

Our readers who are afflicted with deafness should not fail to write to Dr. A. Fontaine, 34 West 14th street, New York City, for his circular giving affidavits and testimonials of wonderful cures from prominent people. The doctor is an aurist of world-wide reputation. See his advertisement elsewhere.

Some Objections,

"I envy your husband's jolly way. He is always laughing," said Mrs. Binks.

"Well, it has its drawbacks," returned the other. "John laughs so much I can't keep buttons on his vest." —*Harper's Bazaar*.

MEDICAL.

DR. SPILSBURY has removed to 210 Huron Street, first door north of College Specialist—Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—8 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng. Physician and Surgeon

Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3406.

Office 16 McNeil Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1685.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street, Toronto. Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Magnetism a specialty. Telephone 954.

JONH B. HALL, M.D. 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, 40th and 41st Street. Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

HENRY C. FORTIER, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Office 16 Victoria Street, Evening, 57 Murray Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Front and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 585 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office, 5 King Street East, Evening at residence, 61 Church Street.

GOLDEN LION
CLOTHING

OVERCOATS in nice medium weight in Meltons, or Worsts in Brown, Gray, Drab and Blue. GREAT VALUE.

GENT'S SUITS either in Tweed or Worsted, very stylish, beautifully made and trimmed. VERY LOW IN PRICE.

Double Breasted Navy Serge Suits require no overcoat. Very desirable at this season.

Quality and make of all garments guaranteed.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East and 18 to 24 Colborne Street

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Court House, Adelaide Street

and 146 Carlton Street

101 Yonge Street